

The Great Alternative, a Sermon by W. J. Dawson

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THE CONGREGATIONALIST AND CHRISTIAN WORLD

Volume XC

11 March 1905

Number 10

A Lenten Aspiration

TO KNOW the will of God and how to do it: the deepest meanings in life's experiences: how to be brave, yet humble: weak, yet strong: how to endure trial, yet keep sweet: how to use time to the best advantage: how to select between apparently conflicting opportunities of service: how to love God more and more: and to think no uncharitable thoughts and to say no uncharitable things of my brethren.

TO FEEL a quickened conscience: a greater hate for evil and a greater love for good: a deeper sympathy with the sorrows and a greater joy in the happiness of mankind: the never-tiring, calm insistence of my better self towards right and duty: not the fear of God but the love of Christ constraining me.

TO DO the best that human endeavor can render at all times and in all places: not as in the sight of men but as in the sight of God: freely, without favor: frankly, without reserve: hopefully, without gloom: trustfully, without doubt: so that Jesus, my Master, may add his smile and benediction.

EDWIN W. BISHOP

New York

The Pilgrim Press
BOSTON

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What the War is Doing for Japan

The master carpenter of the village, Kichizo, a man very good-hearted, honest, but too fond of saké in his entire lifetime, was much liked and patronized by Major General Oda, father of the junior captain who so distinguished himself during the attack on Port Arthur. This is related of General Oda and Kichizo. The general offered him of his favorite saké.

"Drink, my dear fellow," he said.
"My lord, I have given up drinking," replied Kichizo.

"What! You have given up drinking!"

"Yes, my lord."
"Well! That is the last thing I would have expected of you! Take a cup and drink to Japan's victory."

"My lord, I have stopped drinking."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes, my lord, but let me pour out a cup for you."

"Well, then, give me a cup. It is well for such a rough and simple fellow as you to wait on an old soldier like me. My good fellow, you remember when you were threatened with death for your habit of drinking, and even when a pistol was pointed at your breast you said you would not give it up even to save your life. What is there in the world then that has made you give it up?"

"You know, my lord," replied Kichizo; "thirteen of the lads who were apprenticed to me and who are under my patronage, have been called away to the front. Of these eight have wives and children, and it is my duty that I look after these helpless ones, so how, my lord, can I spend my time and money in drinking now?"—Yone Noguchi, *Correspondence of the Transcript*.

Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy.—Talbot's *Life of Armstrong*.

Religious Notices

Religious and ecclesiastical notices, addresses of ministers, etc., published under this heading at ten cents a line.

A HALF-HOUR SERVICE OF EVENING PRAYER, with organ music, is held each week day, except Saturday, at 4:30 P. M., in the Central Congregational Church, corner Newbury and Berkeley streets, Boston. A general invitation to these services is heartily given. The church is open from two to five o'clock, except on Saturdays.

AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, No. 76 Wall St., New York. Incorporated April, 1833. Object: To improve the moral and social condition of seamen. Sustains chaplains and missionaries; promotes temperance homes and boarding houses in leading seaports at home and abroad; provides libraries for outgoing vessels; publishes the *Sailor's Magazine*, *Seaman's Friend* and *Life Boat*.

Contributions to sustain its work are solicited, and remittances of same are requested to be made direct to the main office of the society at New York.

Rev. Dr. CHARLES A. STODARD, President.

Rev. G. McPHERSON HUNTER, Secretary.

W. HALL HOPES, Treasurer.

CONGREGATIONAL SUMMER ASSEMBLY—The fourth annual meeting of the Congregational Summer Assembly will be held in Frankfort, Mich., Aug. 2-23, 1905. The program will have the following divisions:

1. Conference on "The Social Mission of Christianity," Aug. 2-7, conducted by Dr. H. C. Herring of Omaha, President of the Assembly. Other speakers will be: Dr. Washington Gladden, Pres. Joseph H. George, Miss Mary E. McDowell, Dr. E. J. Bennett and, it is hoped, Prof. Graham Taylor of Chicago.

2. School of Inductive Bible Study, Aug. 8-18, on "The Acts of the Apostles," conducted by Prof. Edward I. Beasworth of Oberlin. The morning Bible studies will be followed by lectures on "Child Life and Culture," by Pres. E. C. Lancaster of Olivet, and on "Psychology's Hints for Life," by Pres. Henry C. King of Oberlin.

3. Evangelistic Conference Aug. 19-23, conducted by a member of the National Evangelistic Committee. It is expected that Dr. Hillis and Dr. Dawson will address this conference. Other speakers will be: Dr. C. A. Vincent, Dr. J. E. Nichols, Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen, Rev. William Ewing, Rev. Howard Murray Jones and Rev. Henry Stauffer.

4. Evening Lectures and Entertainments, Sermons and Addresses will be given during the Assembly by the above speakers and the following: Dr. Frank Newhall White, Dr. W. F. McMillen, Pres. J. Edward Kirby, Dr. Sydney Strong, Dr. James M. Campbell and others.

5. Athletics and Recreation will be under the direction of Rev. E. A. King of Sandusky, O. Every afternoon and all of Saturdays will be devoted to outdoor life, pleasure and recreation.

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Saturday
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Volume XC
Number 10

Event and Comment

UNDER favoring skies, in the presence of the largest throng ever gathered in the capital, President Roosevelt took the oath of office

A New Administration March 4, and assumed authority in the name of the people. He will have for councillors in his Cabinet several men whom he inherited from the McKinley régime and more whom he has invited in, Mr. Cortelyou, who formerly was head of the Department of Commerce and Labor, returning to take the Post Office Department, where his superior executive capacities and high moral qualities will find ample room for working reform. Seldom has the transition from one Administration to another been made with less jolting or friction. Never since the days of James Monroe has there been less partisan feeling in the country and more general indorsement of an Executive by men of all parties and all sections. It is clear that during the next four years there is to be fighting between the Senate and the President, between the conservative wing of the Republican party and its radical and progressive wing led by the President, and that a similar contest is to go on in the party of the Opposition. Out of the fray one figure bids fair to emerge and gain most in prestige and power—the President. In response to a message of congratulation from Baptist ministers of Philadelphia, the President said: "God give me grace and strength. I will do right as He gives me grace to see it."

IN LESS than a thousand words the President made known his message to the people, in an impersonal form, with practically no personal pledges, preferring rather to assume that he was like unto all the people in their perplexity and keen sense of responsibility. What he needs we need. Having received so much from "the Giver of Good," he thinks it will be our fault if we fail as a nation. Strong in power we wish peace, but it is the "peace of justice, the peace of righteousness." "No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong Power should ever be able to single us out for insolent aggression." Our domestic problems we need to face in a serious mood, "neither hiding from ourselves their gravity nor fearing to face them with unflinching purpose to solve them aright." We must always keep in mind that self-government is the most difficult of all kinds of rule, calling for practical intelligence, courage, hardihood and endurance, and, above all, for the devotion to a lofty ideal, such as Washington and Lincoln had. In this

abstract you have the inaugural in epitome. The note was positive, militant, and expressed in terms of willing. In the light of an ideal, labor to make the real correspond to the ideal is to be undertaken. Devotion to an ideal is put highest of all qualifications needed by the citizen. Power is gloried in, but power used for peaceable and righteous ends.

A MAJORITY of Congressmen present in the House one day last week deliberately voted to steal \$190,000 from the Federal treasury and put it in their pockets. Was your Congressman among them? Find out and act accordingly. The facts are these: At the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, for tactical purposes the Administration conceived of and created a "constructive recess" which had no existence in time, a construction which the Senate has since repudiated by favorable action on the adverse report of a committee headed by Senator Spooner. This earlier action of Congress brought into being an "extra session," for which, technically speaking, members could collect mileage; and this the House voted itself last week, although well aware that morally it had not the slightest claim to the sum involved. Thanks to the Senate, the steal is defeated; but the incident is illuminating as to the ethics of the men who make our laws. With Congressmen voting themselves mileage for travel never made, with Panama Commission directors grabbing for fat fees and perquisites as directors while receiving large salaries, with Federal judges in considerable numbers collecting maximum travel expenses far beyond expenditure—the ordinary "grafter" naturally thinks he can steal, since he has highly respectable examples to follow. "The greatest American sins today are lying and theft," says Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, a man not given to extreme or hasty statements; and we believe he is right.

CONGRESS, under steady pressure from Roman Catholic constituents, last week was about to reopen the strife of sectarian schools for the Indian funds. The amendment to the Indian Appropriation Bill offered by Senator Bard of California provided

that no portion of the funds appropriated by this act, nor the principal nor interest of any Indian trust or tribal funds held by the United States for the benefit of any Indian tribe, shall be available nor be expended for the support of any sectarian or denominational school.

Senator McCumber of North Dakota

added an amendment which practically nullified Senator Bard's, in that it gave individual Indians right of petition for payment of tribal funds for sectarian ends; and these mutually destructive amendments the Senate passed. When, however, the bill came to conference with the House over differences of detail, men in conference were courageous enough to do what they did not dare to do voting on the floor, and both amendments were dropped. The bill as signed has no instructions, the matter being left to Executive discretion. We would have preferred that the Bard amendment should have been passed, thus fixing beyond peradventure the policy to be pursued, for we realize that pressure on the Administration from Roman Catholic quarters will not cease. But this pressure can be counteracted, and already has to some extent, we believe. Certainly Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to challenge more criticism of the sort he has had to take of late from some of his warmest admirers. For his action in the matter has been unfair, viewing it entirely apart from the religious and political principle involved. There has not been a "square deal."

WISDOM'S voice in ancient times was lifted up where people found it easiest to congregate. "On the top of high places by the way, where the paths meet, she standeth." That is the vantage ground for preaching at all times. Mr. Dawson put this truth clearly the other day, when he said:

It is inevitable that the flow of population should be toward the suburbs, but they sometimes forget what an immense mass of people still remain in the neighborhood of central city churches. These people can be reached by a proper adaptation of method. The great city churches should become the care of rich suburban churches. There is nothing so deadening in its influence as suburbanism. The suburban church is apt to become a social club rather than a church, and the young people of such a church suffer for lack of objective for their Christian sympathies. What is badly needed, therefore, is the mobilization of the wealth, culture and energy of rich suburban churches for the service of great central churches which are now almost derelict.

No better illustration was needed than was furnished by Park Street Church filled to the doors with men every day of the week at noon to hear the message of the gospel. Boston has no church edifice in a place better fitted for that message than that one "by the way where the paths meet." If Congregationalists were to sell and abandon it, the site would remain a monument to

witness to the decay of the denomination which long wielded the greatest influence of any body of Christians in this historic city. The building stands there as an eloquent appeal to Congregationalists that it should be used as Mr. Dawson suggested.

THE FIRST WORK on a large scale accomplished by Boston Congregationalists since their recent unification in one conference has been the planning and carrying on of the Dawson meetings. It is cause for gratitude that thus early so successful a demonstration has been given of what the hundred churches in the metropolitan district can do together. The Congregational Club, which took the lead in the matter, the Young Men's Club and the commissioners of the Union Conference have all had an important part in the joint effort. The connection between closer denominational fellowship and earnest evangelistic endeavor has been made clear. Future opportunity for concerted action has been suggested. We doubt if ever again a winter goes by without some united undertaking to impress the city with the fact that local Congregationalism is alive and in earnest. It may take the form of a preaching mission, or a popular Bible lecture-ship, or an extended campaign for outsiders. It may fruit into something of greater consequence to the life of the community than we have faith now to imagine.

JUST WHAT Boston Congregationalists would have done without the Salvation Army last week, when, at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Dawson, they went out into the highways and byways, may be conjectured. Its band and soldiers led the way, for they knew where the depraved and vicious live; and, better still, they knew the way of approach to the patrons of saloons and dance halls. In other words, Congregationalism went to school to the Salvation Army; and when the human harvest was gathered into the inquiry-rooms of Tremont Temple, again the services of the army were invoked, and a number of promising cases were turned over to its watch and care. When Gen. William Booth hears about it he may be pardoned a feeling of gratification. Such an alliance between conservative churches and the daring cohorts of the army may well have a longer tenure of life than "one night only."

THE NORMAL WAY of extending Christ's kingdom is by the constant, faithful, systematic instruction of men and women in Christian truth. The home, the church and the Sunday school are the places where the most of the work is done, and the most effective methods are the ordinary rather than the extraordinary. A great desire is finding expression for spiritual quickening, and we welcome all the increasing signs that this desire will be met. But if efforts to bring about a revival should lead to exaltation of the evangelist above the pastor, and the estimate of special services as above that of systematic efforts to train the

whole man from childhood to live in right relations with God, then the revival would be a short-lived and perhaps a doubtful blessing. Secretary Patton has collected the testimony as to their conversion of the 587 missionaries appointed by the American Board during the last twenty years, and he finds that less than one-third of them connect their conversion with a time of revival, while 397 surrendered themselves to Christ without the impulse of general religious quickening. As foreign missionaries, by enduring the tests of the most exacting demands for Christian consecration, they have proved the genuineness of their conversion. Let us not in our work admit the suggestion that the Holy Spirit is not always acting on the hearts of men through the faithful efforts of those who are led by him.

THE PASTOR of one of our largest churches says he was surprised by many of his congregation coming to him after last Sunday morning service, saying, "That was the most helpful message you ever gave to me," "It was just what I needed now," and similar remarks. He declares that his sermon contained nothing unusual, and that he has preached the same truths many times to the same people with no such response. An advertising agent says that as a matter of business he has noted that popular attention is turning in a new way to religious subjects, especially to matters connected with personal religious experience, and that in his opinion religious newspapers are going to be more appreciated and to have greater value as an advertising medium. A business man remarked the other day that he had been giving \$800 a year to a yachting club, and that this year he was going to invest that amount in promoting religion, as he believed that the conditions were such that it would pay. A local politician in a New England city has proposed to carry on a house-to-house canvass of his district to bring the people to church. He says that he and two or three others have managed successfully the political affairs of the district, and as they profess to be Christians, he sees no reason why they should not promote successfully its religious affairs. These are a few among a number of evidences that have come to us during the last few days, which point to a new sense of the presence of God and of personal responsibility to him. Are there not many such signs of the approach of the spiritual springtime after a long winter?

SENATOR KEARNS of Utah, whose term expired with the Congress which died March 4, in a speech in the Senate last week, made assertions respecting the Mormon hierarchy, its grip on Utah politics and those of adjoining states, its defiance of Federal law, and its menace to the welfare of the nation, which have never been equaled in Congress for plain speaking and authoritative opinion on the subject discussed. No one with immediate political ambition could have dared to speak so. We are anxiously watching to see whether the Senate settles the Smoot case on its merits or plays politics with it. Anything short of square dealing in

this matter will be rank treason. The sooner the nation awakes to the real situation and grapples with its internal foe the better, and one step in the right direction would be favorable action on Senator DuBois' proposition laid before the Senate last week, providing for a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy. It is a matter involving far more than Utah—it touches the politics, morals and welfare of several adjacent states, and a fair and rich section of the nation.

THOMAS NAST'S recently published life has called attention once more to the splendid service which that German-American did a generation ago in *Harper's Weekly* in fighting foes of the nation and the great city of New York. Since he ceased to use the *Weekly* for a censor's righteous ends, the country has had no great, commanding caricaturist, and today has no artist whose grip upon the nation is anything like what Nast's used to be, or what F. C. Gould's in England is today. There are signs, however, of a new day, as the lines between plutocracy and democracy become more sharply drawn, and as the issues for which President Roosevelt bids fair to become the great historic champion loom up more distinctly. Such an awful picture of vultures roosting on the roof of the United States Senate as Kemble had in *Collier's Weekly* a fortnight ago, in which he symbolized the grip of money on our highest law-making body, or such a cartoon as Flagg has in the current *Life*, in which Uncle Sam, a captive, has to submit to insult from the leader of a gang of brigands, who ask, as they loaf about the camp fire and gloat over their victim, "Has Anybody Else Got Anything We Want?"—two such cartoons as these within a fortnight indicate that the people in the strife which impends are not to be left without friends and champions among the clever draughtsmen of the country. Nor will those who are pilloried like the new situation. Tweed hated Nast and feared him more than he did Tilden, the honest lawyer.

THE OFFICERS of a benevolent society in a published statement protest against public criticism of their administration of funds for which they have appealed to the churches of the denomination they represent. They say that they are ministers and business men of integrity and experience, that they give their services without compensation, and that it ought to be assumed that they know better how to administer the society's affairs than those who contribute money to it. They claim that complaints should be addressed to them privately and not to the public through the newspapers. It is true that trustees of our benevolent societies have to endure a good deal of unfair criticism, much of which appearing in the press is made by writers who give nothing to these societies and who seldom mention them except to point out suspected defects, such as extravagant expenses or meager results of effort. Such criticism is mischievous gossip, without sympathy for the aims of either administrators or givers. On the other hand, excellent men

An Object Lesson
in Solidification

The Salvation
Army as an Ally

Missions and
Revivals

Caricature as
a Social Force

The Right and
Wrong of Criticism

composing a board of directors are liable to fall into ruts of officialism, and boards are liable to find themselves encumbered by men and methods they have not inclination or courage to shake off or change. Genuine supporters are likely to restrain criticism rather than to express it publicly, through fear of defeating the object for which they give, and when the criticism of givers continues for some time unheeded or resented, then either the trustees must offer to return their trust to the society which elected them, or frank conference with the givers must be invited and cordially encouraged, or else receipts will surely dwindle. When criticisms by givers become numerous it is worse than useless to spend time discussing whether their attitude is right or wrong.

NOWHERE in the world are such contrasts between wealth and poverty, luxury and want found as they are in

The Simple Life in London

London, and the present disparity between the two extremes of living is so marked that thirteen present or recent heads of social settlements, men like Father Adderly, Canon Barnett of Toynbee Hall, Percy Alden of the Browning settlement and Canon H. Hensley Henson have united in an open letter to citizens of London, asking those who have much goods to consider what the effect of their high living and extravagant expenditure on themselves may be having on the economic and spiritual well-being of the less well-favored classes. They urge that the ideal of life be "being" and not "having"; that much of the ugliness of London is due to expenditure on persons of what should go to civic adornment; that luxury is anti-social. They do not ask for a return to the ascetic ideal; they do not pretend to put a narrow definition on luxury, but they do contend that simplicity and beauty can go together, and that were the rich and well-to-do to be content with fewer things and insist more on the things of the Spirit, London would be a different town. This joint action by these devoted servants of humanity is praiseworthy, and is suggestive of what can be done by social settlement workers acting in unison.

IMPORTANT and pressing as the problems of city evangelization are, and especially the difficulties which stand

The Need of the Country Church

in the way of any widespread spiritual awakening among city dwellers, we are just now quite as much concerned to see a spirit of renewed consecration and inquiry in our country churches. The essential problem everywhere is of course the same old problem of getting individuals to put themselves under the teaching of the Spirit of God, but the influence of a turning to God among even a few is proportionately more noticeable and more effective in a small than in a great community. Anything comparable to the proportion of awakening in religious earnestness which we have seen in Wales would stir an American village to its depths. In sympathy or opposition every one would be compelled to take sides. But in one of our great cities, with their perpetual distractions and their racial and social

divisions almost completely out of touch with each other, there might be a like state of tense religious feeling which would hardly overflow the limits of a single congregation or fill more than a little corner of the newspapers. The drain of youth has been so constant and the stress of poverty is often so severe, especially among our country churches in New England, that spiritual earnestness is the imperative need in those who remain to do the work and carry the burdens. Now, too, as of old, we look to these country churches as the nurseries of new leadership in our social and political life. When they are profoundly moved, the influence of their refreshment will be felt in the larger centers and for more than one generation.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, unless he retreats, has brought down on himself a storm which may drive him from

Canada Seething

power. Latest reports indicate that he is alive to his peril and will retreat, but if he does not, then his cabinet and his party will be split and speedily defeated, especially if the Conservatives take up the issue and go to the electors on it. In brief the issue is simply this: Against the wishes of the inhabitants of the district concerned, against the provisions of the Dominion constitution—according to some authorities, and contrary to wise statesmanship, he has seen fit to provide in the organic law of the two new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, in the Northwest Territory, for special sectarian schools sustained by public taxation. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a Roman Catholic of a liberal type. He has dealt so fairly with Protestants in the main during his political career that he has risen to highest station in the Dominion and retained it now for a long time; but in this case the pressure from the Church of his faith, we are confident, overcame his own judgment; and in consequence he now finds his associates in the cabinet deserting him, Protestants of the Dominion who are Liberals aroused to the point of desertion of the Liberal party, and the citizens of the new provinces up in revolt against Federal assumption of authority on a matter of local choice.

ULSTER PROTESTANTS and Orangemen once more are making life miserable for a British Conservative Ministry, and Mr. Balfour's

Irish Home Rule

power is waning so fast that a week may bring forth a transfer of the reins of government to another. Sir Antony MacDonnell, Lord Dunraven the viceroy, and Mr. Wyndham, the cabinet member charged with responsibility for Ireland, have been working out a plan for gradual approximation to local Home Rule in Ireland; and all concerned supposed that if it came to a test in the House the Ministry would stand back of what had been done or planned by Lord Dunraven and Sir Antony in the way of devolution of authority to residents of Ireland. Of a sudden Irish Protestant Unionists have demanded Sir Antony's head on a charger, and Mr. Wyndham has assented. Fortunately Sir Antony has Lord Lansdowne as a backer; if set loose he can publish docu-

ments of a most damaging kind to the Ministry, proving it cowardly. On the other hand, Irish Unionist defection in the House of Commons just now is not a thing to be courted, and if anything as small as standing by a subordinate is the alternative to the party's smash, the subordinate goes to the wall. Mr. Wyndham has resigned his post.

THE EMPIRE still quakes with fires high the surface which may break through soon. The Czar in one breath

Russia's Peril

by a reactionary manifesto inspired by the Procurator of the Holy Synod and framed by the ducal ring has called on his people as if they were babes and children to bow to the throne and the Church, to forget their grievances and be docile—a manifesto which if nothing to counteract it had followed would have been as fuel to the flames of discontent. But scarcely had this manifesto been issued, when out came a rescript promising a measure of participation by the people in law-making. Just how much is meant by this remains to be seen. It has quieted the discontent of some Liberals and Moderates, and is interpreted by some as the beginning of a new epoch. Many others are skeptical, and find nothing in it which justifies hope of ultimate needed reforms. The workmen's strike continues as if no rescript had been issued; traffic throughout the empire on the railways is blocked to a considerable extent; and Poland continues in revolt. As for news from Manchuria, it points to General Kuropatkin being driven north from Mukden to Harbin by Marshal Oyama and Generals Nogi, Oku and Kuroki, after a series of engagements including not less than 700,000 men on both sides, along a line not less than eighty miles in length, a battle the most notable and sanguinary of modern times, and compelling—if it prove that Kuropatkin is defeated—Russia to sue for terms.

The Net Result

Boston Congregationalists expected much from Mr. Dawson's labors, but most of them before he came probably could not have defined their expectations. Now that these two weeks of daily service have passed, what has been accomplished? Perhaps the briefest answer would be, a new awakening. A beginning has been made of new things, whose importance will depend on what we make of them.

The movement seemed to culminate last week in the night march of some hundreds of members of our churches inviting those in the streets, saloons and places of amusements to come and listen to Christ's call to a holy life in following him. This was a new departure for Congregationalists, but it is not alien to their spirit. They do not shrink from grasping in Christ's name the hand of the man in the street if they are persuaded that they can help him. Some of us have begun to discover that we can do this. We are awakening to think of men and women struggling against temptation to evil, and of some who have so far surrendered to it that they have ceased to struggle. The swelling undercurrents of desire for the salvation of souls have begun to rise to

the surface of daily life. They are finding expression in conversation as well as in sermons and prayers. Christians are taking steps to acquire a taste for helping their fellowmen to spiritual renewal.

The real climax of the meetings was the great assembly on Friday noon in Tremont Temple where this spirit of consecration was markedly manifest. At each evening meeting last week where Mr. Dawson preached not less than a thousand persons rose to express their purpose of consecrating themselves more fully to Christ's service. In such a movement differences of opinion are minimized among those who would follow Christ to win men to obedience to God. Various denominations were represented in the procession on Wednesday night, but that was little thought of by those marching side by side to do the same thing.

Impulses have found expression which may become habits of helpfulness. New estimates may be formed of the values of human lives. New conceptions of Christ our Lord and Saviour may take possession of his disciples. Recognition may be given to a degree unknown before of the presence and power of the Spirit. Habits of prayer lost for years may be recovered—especially of prayer for others. Men and women may come to find their highest satisfaction in seeking and gaining souls as trophies for our Master. The passion for working for the kingdom of God may extend till it shall spread through our whole country.

All these glorious things may be. The net result thus far is to bring them into vision as possibilities. Shall they be realized? That is the question for each one to ask himself in the presence of God, and to answer by beginning to do at once the service that lies at his hand.

Taxes by the Sultan Refused

It may be that the first European Power to feel the effects of a positive foreign policy outlined by President Roosevelt in his inaugural will be Turkey. He has grown weary of the tactics of the sultan, and he plans to bring long-standing matters to a settlement; and in so doing he will have the support of his countrymen, irrespective of their interest in or advocacy of foreign missions. For the matter at issue is not that of the value of foreign missions as such; it is a question whether our citizens shall have rights in Turkey equal to those of European Powers, and whether when the sultan's word is given to our Minister it can be repudiated without any explanation to us or any satisfaction of the matter in controversy.

It will be recalled that in response to a statement of the case laid before him early in 1904, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay instructed our Minister to Turkey to press for action securing rights for American educators and educational institutions equal to those of Europeans. Minister Leishman so acted, re-enforced by the presence in Asiatic waters of the American fleet. The sultan, according to Minister Leishman, at last assented to our demand, urging at the same time that our fleet be withdrawn. Minister Leishman accepted the sultan's word at its face value, and permitted the fleet to

withdraw, as events proved much too soon. For, once the fleet was out of the way, the sultan resorted to his old policy of deviousness and equivocation and dis-counting of his pledges.

Our Department of State has instructed Mr. Jay, who is in charge of our legation, to advise all our educational institutions—those of the American Board—to refuse to pay to the Turkish Government, such taxes as are legal so long as our institutions have not the status which we have asked for and which the sultan promised to give. If Turkey demands payment of taxes, the sultan's pledge to the United States to give them a status exempting them from taxation will be cited. If he repudiates his pledge formally, then we as a Power will know how to act, as will we if he attempts to collect taxes by force.

In obedience to these instructions, the American Board missionaries have refused to pay taxes. What Turkey's move will be when she realizes that the controversy has passed from the stage of soft words spoken by and to Mr. Leishman to vigorous action ordered by the President and Secretary of State is not clear. One thing is certain—the controversy has passed into a new stage of action, which has in it dramatic and important possibilities.

The Differing Point of View

Theology is for the moment somewhat obscured in popular religious thinking. Christians are rejoicing in their unity rather than contending over their differences of opinion, and we all welcome the resultant harmony. Yet beyond question divisions will arise again, and differences of doctrine will be strongly asserted with appeals to Scripture. Our judgment is that much of the theological discussion of the future will turn on the relation of the child to God—whether as his Father or only as his Creator and Judge. Here, for example, is the *Baptist Teacher*, which labels the doctrine that there are germs of goodness in all young children as "popular but pestilent." The editor declares that there is no filial relation between the human child and God. He says:

It is said that God made Adam in his own likeness; but when he sinned that likeness was obliterated, and it is recorded of him that "he begat a son," not in the likeness of God, but "in his own likeness." Of the tripartite nature with which he was originally endowed there was nothing left but body and soul, for he was "dead at the top." This mutilated thing is what the Scriptures sometimes call "the natural man" and sometimes "the flesh."

On the other hand, Prof. C. W. Rishell of the School of Theology in Boston University, an expounder of Methodist doctrine, in a recent volume, while he admits hereditary corruption of human nature, says, as summarized in *Zion's Herald*, that

God, with unforgetting regularity, imparts to each newly conceived human being those qualities which by nature it could not have, so that every child, no matter where born, comes into the world with a character at least as pure as that of the converted adult. . . . The little child, then, belongs to the kingdom of God as much as the converted adult does, and it is the business of those having him in charge to see that he does not degenerate, that he is so trained as to avoid the voluntary in-

dulgence of such evil impulses or depravity as may develop within him; in other words, to avoid a life of sin, in which case he will need no conversion.

Now, when the Baptist editor and the Methodist theological teacher meet on the same platform and tell Sunday school teachers of the infant department how they are to regard their pupils, radical differences of doctrine are sure to emerge. Phillips Brooks once said that it will make a great deal of difference in your feeling toward the child "whether you regard him as a child of the devil whom God is trying to get, or a child of God whom the devil is trying to steal."

In Brief

Now if ever is the time to stand by your minister.

The Lenten season ought to be especially rich in blessing to our churches this year.

Green trading stamps are going out of use in retail shops, but green bargain hunters are not getting fewer.

The laymen are rising to their responsibility and opportunity. How D. L. Moody would have rejoiced to see these days!

We shall publish next week a number of postal card opinions from ministers and laymen with regard to the Dawson meetings.

Mr. Dawson has summed up his message during the last two weeks in the sermon printed in this issue. Read it, and read it to others.

Wisconsin's State Bar Association last week favored uniform Federal legislation on divorce. Theoretically there is no justification for variations between the states.

Gen. William Booth is off for a journey to Palestine and is announced to preach on Calvary. That is a place where silence is eloquence and dumb lips the most reverent.

The report of the commission to investigate the Beef Trust will disappoint many. We may as well conclude that the only sure way to bring down the price of beef is to stop eating it.

It will cost \$100 more *per annum* hereafter to be a student at Vassar College. If Matthew Vassar had had more breweries—but that leads to an unsolvable problem in moral mathematics.

It is probable that the joint meeting of the Congregational home societies, with the exception of the American Missionary Association, will be held in Springfield, Mass., May 30, 31 and June 1.

If a Negro calling himself "Rev. A. Brown" appears in your neighborhood soliciting money for any charitable purpose, write to any one of the ministers of Fall River, Mass., for information about him.

Indiana's governor will not appoint even moderate drinkers of intoxicants to office. What is a wise policy for many present-day business corporations he holds is good policy for the state in its business.

We devote much space this week to the Dawson campaign in Boston, not because it took place in Boston, but because it carries its inspirations and suggestions for other communities all over the land.

It is said that there are not less than 2,000 charitable organizations in London supported by private contributions. If not as many survive in this country it is not because of lack

of circular appeals. And the chain letter scheme is dead, too.

Of the ten New Jersey high school boys appointed by the governor of that state to march in the inaugural procession at Washington, last week, one was a Negro, but that boy stood highest in his class. It is hard to keep out Negroes who get into the line that way.

Professor Osler persists in affirming that a man's mental condition deteriorates after he is forty years old. Professor Jeffries declares that a man does not really get intelligent till after he has lived forty years. It ages a man fast to try to find out how these professors manufacture all the wisdom they give out.

Miss Ellen Stone will have the sympathy of a host of friends in her bereavement by the death of her aged mother. During Miss Stone's captivity her mother bravely bore herself in faith and courage that her daughter would return, and her last years have been cheered by the daughter's tender ministrations.

A crowded congregation, including many standing, at Elliot Church, Newton, on Sunday morning, waited more than one hour to hear Mr. Dawson, before the elaborate musical program was concluded. We suggest that where music of this sort is provided on such occasions it should follow, not precede, the sermon.

When the new convention between England and the United States goes into operation, a four-pound package can be sent through the post office from London to Boston for a little more than one-third what it costs to send it from Boston to Worcester. That is one step towards a parcels post in the United States as cheap and convenient as is enjoyed by the people of the slow-going countries of Europe.

A substantial citizen, active Congregational layman and highly respected in business, social and philanthropic circles was John Butler Talcott, who died in New Britain, Ct., Feb. 21, at the age of eighty. He was president of the American Hosiery Company and was one of the best mayors the city ever had. He was generous of his means as well as his time in the service of many worthy undertakings.

The *Watchman* has a contribution from a leading Southern Baptist layman showing that the race issue must be faced by those planning for the approaching General Convention or council of Baptists, North and South. The present proposed membership in the General Council, he points out, will create a mixed body of white and black delegates, and to this many Southern Baptists are not willing to assent.

Massachusetts' State Board of Trade is sending out a commendable appeal to other chambers of commerce and commercial organizations throughout the country to join with it in urging upon our own Government and on other Powers the establishment of neutral zones of commerce on the Atlantic between Europe and America, within which zones steamships and sailing vessels in the conduct of lawful commerce shall be free to pass without seizure or interruption.

The mysterious poisoning of Mrs. Jane L. Stanford in Honolulu is a tragedy sure to recall the eventful life she has lived, one that has dramatic earlier chapters. Her monument already is built and will endure long, for the great institution in Southern California is her monument and her husband's as truly as it is their son's. Few youths have ever been so regally commemorated as Leland Stanford, Jr., has been. The Pharaohs built pyramids. American masters of men build universities as tributes to their dead.

What constitutes a call to the ministry? Are we insisting as strongly as we ought upon thorough educational preparation for the ministry? Would we have better and more candidates for the ministry were our polity episcopal rather than congregational? How can we increase the number and improve the average quality of those entering the ministry? These are searching questions put to its Baptist constituency by the *Standard* of Chicago, and are called out by statements respecting present conditions recently made by President Harper and Prof. Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago.

Now that Mr. Dawson has closed his campaign in New England, it is gratifying to know that our regular ministry includes men capable of doing a work akin to his, and hence of following up his mission. Among those showing special aptitude in this line is Dr. A. F. Pierce of Brockton. As to whom, after his recent mission in Stockbridge, the pastor bore this testimony:

Dr. Pierce proved to be a strong preacher—unsensational, but moving to heart, mind and will. He was wise and skillful in dealing with individuals, and in addressing young people. Men were particularly appreciative of his words to them.

The *New York Sun*, in a friendly editorial on the new Broadway Tabernacle dedication, rightly says that no history of New York city or the country is complete which neglects to chronicle the share the first Tabernacle and its members had in development of the sentiment which culminated in the abolition of slavery. There are equally heinous evils to be fought and serious problems to be solved now, and the new Tabernacle may be prominent in settling them. We are glad to note that Dr. Jefferson says:

This church must convert men or it is lost. It must be a leader in all moral reforms. This church must hurl itself against political corruption, against the liquor traffic, against militarism and against industrial injustice.

Points Worth Noting in Church News

Uplifting services on the basis of Christian citizenship (Town Meetings in Amherst, page 336).

A home missionary church asks that its apportionment of missionary funds be transferred to a needier church (From the *Aroostook*, page 333).

Pencilings

BY A PERIPATETIC

The last meeting of the Boston Congregational Club was a memorable one. Tremont Temple could not hold all who wished to hear evangelistic addresses. Hundreds were turned away, hundreds stood, and twenty-three hundred were seated. In so far as the attendants were Christians, they were faithfully admonished. In so far as they were irreligious, they were incited to become religious. Eloquence was subordinated to sincere, plain speaking, and the notes were those of reality and spirituality, and not of artificiality and intellectuality or rhetoric merely.

The brief but forceful, candid and conservative address of Rev. A. P. Fitch, the new, young pastor of the Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, may be blurred in some attendants' memories by the subsequent speeches of Messrs. Dawson and Hillis, but to other hearers it will remain the most significant address of the evening. For Mr. Dawson will be gone ere long, and Plymouth Church will claim its pastor, but Mr. Fitch abides, as successor of Dr. Herriek, in an historic church. His gifts of

expression, his positiveness of conviction, his winsomeness of person, and his pulpit place make it certain that he is to be a force in the community and in the denomination in Greater Boston.

Hence this early disclosure of his dissatisfaction with the tone and doctrine of much of contemporary preaching hereabouts, and his insistence on return to the preaching of God as Sovereign as well as Lover of Men, Jesus as Deity, and sin as a heinous thing, not a disease or a mistake or a falling upward of man, is illuminating. Of course he must have anticipated the adverse criticism, as well as the favorable, which has followed. His supporters are mainly laymen; his censors clergymen, who naturally wonder how such certitude in diagnosis could have come in so brief a period for observation. There will be general agreement, however, as to the effective speaking power of Mr. Fitch, the candor of his disclosure and the sincerity of his purpose.

Dr. Hillis's speech, like the sermon given the evening before in the Old South Church, disclosed him at his best because it was self-revealing. Compared with his Sunday morning sermon and many addresses I have heard him give and sermons I have read, these two talks on personal religion, from his heart to the heart of his hearers, were as the human voice to the phonograph record. By his own admission—and therefore the freer I am in my comment—he feels that he has followed a wrong model in preaching, has lost the art of dealing directly with men and now in mid-life must begin as a learner. That is not true. It is excessive depreciation.

Ever since I read Dr. Hillis's letter to the Presbytery of Chicago seeking release from Presbyterianism I have felt that if he would he could be a power as an evangelist, and his disclosures while in Boston prove it, but it must be along the line of first-hand and not second knowledge. Personal experience and not popularized literature or biography, must be the stuff out of which the appeal is made. Then all his art as an orator, all his wealth of allusion will be contributory if kept in its right place.

Mr. Dawson's message to Congregationalists, with reference to such shortcomings as he has noted while traveling about among us, was candid but loving, and taken as kindly as it was meant. An evangelistic church is not likely to give over its Sunday evening service. There is, however, no inevitable reason why a single service, and that a Sunday morning one, may not be as evangelistic as it can be at any other time. If a pastor and congregation will it to be it may be. I am more impressed with the validity of his charge that we are failing to face squarely our city problem and properly co-ordinate and support our down-town churches. If Mr. Dawson's words the other night contribute to arouse Boston Congregationalists as to the future of Park Street Church and the South End quartet of three churches and one chapel well and good. The time has come for straight talk and decisive action.

Mr. Dawson also is right as to the obligations which our suburban churches owe to the city churches out of which so many of their members come as they grow prosperous. They owe something more than money to create endowment funds and to pay current expenses. They owe the active service of men and women, youth of both sexes, who will be to the city church what Silvester Horne's former wealthy parishioners in a London suburb now are to him at Whitefield Chapel, London; and they owe this for their own sakes as well as for what they may do for their brethren in the city. Thus, and thus only, can many a suburban church transmute into action the constant emotional impressions it is getting from the pulpit. Lack of action in churches, as in schools or armies, soon causes congestion, deterioration, disease, death.

Broadway Tabernacle Dedicated

With services rich and dignified, outwardly impressive and yet true to the cardinal Congregational notes of sincerity and spirituality, the beautiful, new Broadway Tabernacle in New York was dedicated last Sunday to the worship of God and the service of God.

It was an ecclesiastical event of which even rushing New York paused to take notice, as the presence of 2,150 persons, sitting and standing, and the turning away of many more from the doors, proved. And it was an event fraught with deep meaning not only to the oldest church of our order in Greater New York, which now, midway in the seventh decade of its vigorous life, establishes itself so strongly at a strategic point on upper Broadway, but to the sisterhood of churches on both sides the East River, to which it sustains a kind of cathedral relationship. That gave to the occasion an immense breadth of outlook; and while the inspiring history of the Tabernacle and its achievements in behalf of liberty and human betterment passed in review, the emphasis was on today and tomorrow and the dawn of what promises to be the greatest era in the church's life now plainly discernible.

The morning service lasted two hours and a quarter, but its variety and cumulative effect forefended weariness. The twelve participating clergymen in gowns passed in slow procession from the robing-room down one of the aisles and up another to the pulpit platform, engaging as they advanced in responsive readings, led by Dr. Jefferson, the pastor. The service then proceeded with invocation, Commandments, Beatitudes, responsive readings, Apostles' Creed, Old and New Testament lessons, Dr. Ward, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Cox, Dr. Rice, Mr. Bridgman and Professor McGiffert taking the parts in succession. The prayer of dedication was offered by Dr. Seymour, associate pastor of the church; the offertory prayer by Dr. Whiton.

The quartet and vested choir made their effective contributions to the service, and Luther's, "A mighty fortress is our God," and Bacon's, "O God, beneath thy guiding hand," were heartily sung by the great congregation.

It was fitting that Rev. A. J. Lyman, D. D., of Brooklyn should preach the sermon. Not only is he dean of the Congregational ministerial force of Greater New York, but his memories of the Tabernacle stretch back forty years to the time when, as a young student in the city, he felt the inspiration of Dr. J. P. Thompson's martial spirit. The theme of the sermon was the church a divine shrine and a Christian incarnation. He traced its progressive historical development, flowering at last into its modern form, but always having at its heart the sense of God's presence. He emphasized the fact that the church today is a great power-house. "To save" should burn on its façade night and day.

After the sermon, which was characteristically large and tender in its spirit, Dr. Jefferson led the congregation in the responsive service and prayers of dedication, and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Herrick of Constantinople.

The afternoon Congregational fellowship meeting measured fully up to the ideal of such a meeting, Rev. Messrs. S. H. Cox, Frederick Lynch, W. D. Street, W. H. Kephart, N. M. Waters bringing the greetings of the other churches in the metropolitan district.

In the evening Dr. H. P. Dewey spoke on The City Church and Young Men, and Dr. S. P. Cadman on The Mission of a Metropolitan Church.

Monday was Ministers' Day, nearly two hundred ministers coming together to inspect the building, and after a bounteous luncheon to hear addresses from Drs. Newman Smyth, Bradford, Hillis and Josiah Strong. The dedication of Taylor Chapel

took place last week Friday, and was entirely conducted by the deacons of the church. There will be supplementary dedicatory services throughout this month.

New York, March 6.

H. A. B.

Greater New York

(The Congregationalist may be obtained in New York at the Congregational Bookstore, 156 Fifth Avenue; in Brooklyn of T. B. Ventres, 697 Fulton Street, and C. F. Halsey, Plymouth Church.)

A Suburban Dedication

Dr. Washington Gladden spent the last evening of his second trip to New York and vicinity in dedicating the enlarged Briarcliff edifice, the new building being crowded and many standing. In his sermon he identified the Spirit as the Lord Christ. Jesus is here as really and more potently than in the days of his earthly life. The Church can only be worth while as he is incarnate in its mem-



Church at Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

bers by their active love. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay spoke on Self-Dedication as the essential corroboration of the beautiful picture presented by the enlarged edifice. Two of his epigrams were: "Whenever a word becomes current coin in the Kingdom of Cant, it becomes counterfeit in the Kingdom of Reality. Criticism of the Church is common—much of it uncommonly cheap."

The invitation and program of dedication were beautiful specimens of the printing for which Briarcliff has a growing reputation. The Presbyterian churches of Ossining and Scarborough and the Reformed church of Tarrytown were represented by their pastors, and the Congregational fellowship by Rev. W. D. Street of the White Plains, Westchester Church, eleven miles off. The hymns sung were Longfellow's "O Thou, whose liberal sun and rain," Bryant's "O Thou, whose own vast temple stands," and Gladden's "O Master, let me walk with Thee."

The original edifice, dedicated Jan. 10, 1897, was the gift of Mr. Walter W. Law. The enlarged one has been dedicated free of debt, Mr. MacColl declining to dedicate a mortgage. When Mr. Law gave the first building, it was said that \$150 could not have been raised in the immediate district. For the new edifice the people raised \$7,000, and Mr. Law added \$10,000, thus covering the complete cost. In addition Mr. Law has deeded to the church as an endowment property which will bring in an annual income of \$2,000. The new house will seat between 400 and 500, the additional space consisting of two wide transepts and large choir and chancel making the building three-fourths as long again and beautifully attractive.

Dr. Gladden at the Brooklyn Club

A large company gathered at the Pouch Mansion to greet the moderator, the music being furnished by the Clinton Avenue quartet. Dr. Gladden spoke on The Heart of Democracy. Rev. Frederick Lynch continued the discussion, speaking on Religion and

Democracy. Pres. L. L. Taylor introduced the speakers with his usual wit and grace.

Unexpected Advances on Mount Hope

Christ Church in the Bronx has surprised itself with accelerated progress. Sixteen new members came on confession, making the present total 122. Forty-three per cent. of them are men, which is a good deal above the average. The Sunday school has 250 and the home department 107, which reveals the thorough organization in pastoral work characteristic of Rev. H. M. Brown. The church has been burdened several years by city assessments for various improvements, \$650 of its receipts of \$3,400 having gone for this purpose last year. This explains why many of our smaller churches are severely handicapped at the critical period of their youth.

Mr. Brown holds the longest pastorate in the Bronx and Manhattan boroughs, having begun his twelfth year. At the Lincoln's Birthday reception he was ingeniously called

away from the church for a half-hour, and returning was startled to learn that in the meantime the trustees had asked for enlarged subscriptions in order to advance the pastor's salary \$250, and that not only had this been done, but, as a further testimonial, enough pledges had been made to pay off during the present year the remaining mortgage of \$1,000, and cover all expenses of the current year with its larger plans of work. The audience was as much surprised as Mr. Brown himself, so the harmony was perfect. SYDNEY.

The New England Federation of Men's Clubs

The growing interest in special work for men in our churches and the great variety of organizations make federation profitable and important. At the recent annual business meeting of the New England Federation, encouraging reports indicated that the movement is now well established and thoroughly equipped for an aggressive campaign. The character and experience of those most deeply interested insure sane and successful leadership, as the election of the following officers indicates: president, Rev. E. H. Rudd of Dedham; secretary, Rev. P. T. Farwell, Wellesley Hills; treasurer, Mr. John G. King, Boston; executive committee, Dr. W. H. Allbright, Rev. Daniel Evans, Rev. E. N. Hardy and Mr. M. E. Danieles. Definite phases of the work will be at once considered, and the churches will ere long receive the benefit of a thorough study of the intensely interesting and practical problem of reaching men. E. N. H.

Men's Bible Class Movement

A movement has been inaugurated to correlate the fifty or more men's Bible classes in Boston and vicinity, with a membership of several thousands. At a conference at Hotel Bellevue of prominent Sunday school leaders of different denominations, an invitation from the Page Bible Class of Dudley Street Baptist Church was accepted for the various classes to meet, March 15, as its guests. No attempt is contemplated to form any permanent organization, but simply to bring into mutual relations the leaders and members of this large class of male Bible students.

The Great Alternative

An Address by Rev. W. J. Dawson in Tremont Temple, Boston, March 3, 1905—at the Close of His Mission

I want to talk for a few moments this morning of a text which I have chosen because it sums up the spirit of very much that I have been trying to say during these weeks. It is found in the Gospel according to St. John, the sixth chapter, and the sixty-seventh and sixty-eighth verses: "Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Simon Peter answered, Lord, to whom shall we go?"

To whom shall we go? It is a plain and terrible alternative. It is easy to go away from Christ. It is not so easy to answer the question, To whom will you go? Where will you find the guide and the stay for your spirit? I take it for granted this morning that all men need a religion. From the earliest ages man's great thought has been about religion. And so, wherever you go over the wide world, you find the tokens of man's search for a religion. You find the rock that was once an altar of sacrifice. You find the column that was once a pillar in a temple. You find the significant symbols of man's eternal search for one who shall be the guide of his spirit. From the very beginnings of human history men have desired some one who should be an authority, a law, a conscience to them. They have wanted the king; they have wanted the priest; they have wanted the prophet. There is an abiding instinct in the human heart that recognizes religious authority.

And so, today, the first thing I take for granted is that deep down in our hearts, as in the hearts of all men since the beginning of the ages, there is a desire for a power to rule our lives. We are all hero-worshippers; by which I mean that we are all ready to follow any one who is worthy of our allegiance. We all desire some friend of friends beneath whose feet we can put our passionate hearts, and in whose keeping we may put our trust. To whom will you go? And Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden"; and down the ages the voice of the centuries pursues us, saying: "To whom will you go? to whom can you go? Christ alone has the words of eternal life."

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST

Let me, first of all, put the question on grounds that are quite familiar to us all. Think for a moment of the character of Jesus Christ. The highest achievement of any man is his character. The history of a man is the history of his character. Men are not remembered in this world by their genius or by the great deeds that fill the arena of the world with sound and fury. What we remember men for is rather their fortitude under difficulty, their faithfulness to great ideals in times of corruption, the fight they fought, the victory they won. Socrates for us is not anything that Socrates taught; he is the martyr who stood firm to truth. Even Luther for us today is not anything that Luther taught. The sound of the controversy is silent, but the magnificent character that the grace of God built up in the miner's son called Luther is that which attracts us to him today.

Think, then, of the character of Jesus Christ; it is the greatest character in history. That is granted by all writers and all thinkers of today. Even those who have most to say against Christianity have not a reviling word to say against the character of Jesus Christ. Look at him, pure amid impurity, tempted in all points like as we are, living a hard and narrow life among working people, yet in all gentle and just and magnanimous, filled with pity and filled with love. It is the greatest character in history. To whom, then, will you go? Will you go away from Christ?

Where will you go, and to whom, to find one whose character is so noble a spectacle as the character of Jesus Christ?

THE TEACHING OF CHRIST

Or, again, think for a moment, as I ask this question, of the teaching of Jesus Christ. Man has always been asking for a solution of his life, because human life is a mystery. As Robert Louis Stevenson somewhere says, "We are all filled with enduring astonishment at our own position." Here we are in a strange world, manifestly frail and temporary creatures, and yet we know that we are animals by accident, but spirits by birthright. Here we stand in the world where everything seems to mock our hopes—the brevity of life, the poverty of our achievements, all things working against us to make human life look a little thing, a narrow thing, a futile thing, and amid it all there is a torturing fire in our hearts—the fire of immortality, and there is a sense of Godlike power that comes to us at intervals when we all have visions of great things we would like to be and great things we would like to do.

We are manifestly greater than we seem to be, and that is the reason for our astonishment when we reflect upon ourselves. Who will solve the riddle for us, who will tell us what we are, who we are, what is our destiny? Listen to the wall of humanity before the silent sphinx of time. "How can a man be just before his Maker?" "Who by searching can find out God?" "What shall I do to be saved?" Those cries rose beside the first altar that was erected in the dawn of the world, and they will rise beside the last altar when the stars vanish and the night of time closes down. Who will answer? "Jesus says, I am the way, the truth and the life." And my heart answers back,

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.

To whom will you go for an answer that will satisfy you? No philosopher can give you that answer. I wait for the masters of human thought. I hear the dropping of their tears, but there is silence on their lips. Christ speaks: "Will ye also go away from me? I alone tell you who ye are, children of God; what you may be, perfect as the Father is perfect; how you are to be that—follow me."

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST

Or think of the question from yet another point of view. Think of the influence of Jesus Christ. Take it how you may, all the greatest characters and noblest lives that have been lived for these nineteen centuries have been the Christian lives and the Christian characters. If I began to recite the historic names in the long category of greatness and goodness, it would take me hours but to indicate the preface to the starry list. But I am yet more impressed by the influence of Christ upon the lives of humble and simple people. I have known plowmen, I have known artisans, I have known people whose names were not known beyond the villages where they lived, upon whom the spirit and influence of Jesus has come so that they have had characters so lovely and have lived lives so beautiful that I have felt that I was not worthy to unloose the latches of their shoes.

One of our great writers of today, Mark Rutherford, pictures the death of a servant girl, dying in a hovel, having known little but disappointment, and her last act is to ask that there may be read to her the story of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Then she gives up, with a beautiful magnanimity, all hope of human love, and hands over the man she loved to her rival, and dies at peace. Says

Mark Rutherford, "There was a soul in that servant girl as beautiful as the daylight that was pouring into the window of the room where she died." Jesus does that. The power of Christ laying hold of humble people; the influence of Jesus upon the character of lonely, solitary, poor, insignificant people gives a grace and a glory beside which the glory of the sun itself is but a dimness and a darkness. And will you go away from Christ? Where will you go? To whom will you turn? What other friend is there for the lowly like the lowly Jesus? That is the broad alternative which is suggested.

Now, let me come to a more intimate and personal putting of the subject. What was it that Simon Peter felt? Jesus says to him, "Will you also go away?" And Simon says, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" What was it he felt? Why, he felt that the world would be a total blank without Christ. He looked into the great abyss and the horror of it was too much for him. He faced the great alternative, and he had to answer, "Lord, to whom shall we go?"

THE ALTERNATIVE

Now, I put the great alternative to you this morning. You turn from Christ—where are you going to turn? Let us suppose, for a moment, Christianity abolished. Let us suppose every temple that bears the name of Jesus razed to the ground, and every book burned and his very name expunged from human memory and Christianity declared, what its antagonists have often declared it to be, a huge imposture. Will you face the alternative of what the world would be like if Christ went out of it? I press that alternative. I press it especially upon those whose minds are filled with doubt.

TWO SUGGESTIONS TO THOSE IN DOUBT

You cannot reconcile Christ to your reason, and you cannot reconcile the claim of Christ to your reason, and you are filled with doubts more or less sincere. I am not going to touch upon them, because the doubts of one man are not the doubts of another; but I want to say two things about your doubts, if you are here this morning, my doubting brother. The first is that if your doubt is sincere, it is a process; it is not an end. We doubt our way to certainty. Doubt is often faith in the making. If you are doubting your way towards an issue, God be with you; but if you are living in doubt and going no further than doubt, and not treating it as a process but as a final condition, then doubt will strangle the soul out of you.

And again, about your doubt, I want to say this, that Christianity cannot be both true and false. The claim that it makes is too tremendous to be based upon equivocations or the balancing of possibilities. If Christ was not what he said he was, who was he? It seems to me that you cannot discriminate and discard, when you read the gospels, just those elements which are unsuitable or unwelcome to your own mind. For, if Jesus was mistaken upon the greatest of all subjects, his own relation to God, and his own claim to be God's Son, and his own belief in his resurrection from the grave that was promised to him through the Spirit—if he was mistaken in the greatest of all things, how can you trust his moral insight when he speaks to you upon the questions of conduct?

To whom will you go? You must face the alternative, either to accept Christ for all in all, or to reject him. I know you don't like that. We all of us draw back from great decisions. We don't like being pressed into a corner. We don't like being made to say yes or nay. We prefer to keep ourselves at the

equipoise of intellectual hesitancy. You cannot do it forever. Life makes that impossible. You have to give in your yea or your nay, sooner or later, to Jesus Christ. And, O, it does sometimes seem to me that Christ would think better of the man who says, "No, I will not take thee as Lord"—better of the man who would even spit upon him and buffet him than of the man who says, "Lord, Lord," and does not the things which he said.

You turn from Christ—what is the alternative? To whom will you go? Where will you seek for the authority and the guide if you are not going to find that guide and that authority in Jesus Christ? Take the case of Simon Peter himself. "Whither shall we go?" There is only one way for Simon Peter, and that is back to Judaism. What, back to Judaism? Back to the formalism of the Pharisees? Back to the cold philosophy of the Sadducees, and back to the harsh law that had made human life terrible? He who had walked with Christ in Galilee; he who had heard the words of pity and of love; he who had known the sweetness of forgiveness—could he do this? Peter could not do it. Back to Judaism? Why, that was going down a dark stair into a black dungeon. Back to Judaism? That was going out of the perfect life down into the darkness and the twilight where men groped after truth.

OTHER RELIGIONS AND CHRISTIANITY

I received a letter not long ago from a youth who had given a great deal of time to the study of other religions, and the more he had studied them the more perplexed he had got. He pointed out, what I am only too glad to admit and rejoice in admitting, the great deposit of religious truth that there is in other religions outside Christianity. He pointed out to me, for example, the moral element in Confucianism; he pointed out the beautiful element of self-renunciation in the life of Buddha; he pointed out the strict law laid upon conduct by Mohammed. That is all very well; we all admit it, but face the alternative. Are you willing to follow Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha?

"By their fruits ye shall know them," and the fruit of Confucianism is dead China; the fruit of Buddhism is the immense spiritual despair of India; and the fruit of Mohammedanism is barbarism. To whom will you go? It is all very well to study comparative religions, and to say there are elements of good here. No doubt there are; God hath not left himself without a witness. But will you go to them? You know you won't. You know you can't. You know it is not possible. Face, then, the great alternative like a man, and, if Jesus and Jesus alone holds the words of eternal life, don't equivocate with Christ; don't make a bargain with him about how much you are going to take of his teaching and how much you are going to reject. That won't do. You have to say yea or nay, and sooner or later life will make you say it. You are going away from Christ today; tell me, my brother, where are you going and to whom?

CHRIST AND SIN

"To whom shall I go?" says Simon Peter in his great perplexity, and I may amplify the question by our common experience. I may say, "To whom shall I go when the burden of my sins lies heavy upon me?" Here am I, a man burdened with sin, and I know not how to get rid of it. To whom shall I go? Nature has nothing to say to me. The stern verdict of nature is that there is no forgiveness of sins in nature, and I know it. Science has nothing to say to me. Science can only speak to me hard words about heredity and environment and the following up to the last syllable of recorded time of the punishment for the ill that I have done.

To whom shall I go? Here is a poor murderer, whose case I have mentioned in one or other of these addresses. I mention it again because it impressed me so powerfully when

I first heard the story. Here is a man in a condemned cell, a low-browed man, a man who has brutalized his soul and at last has committed a brutal murder. What is to be done with him? To whom shall he go? You know, some of you, the end of the story, how a friend of mine prayed with that hard heart and knew not how to do anything for him, until at last finding the poor lad had once been in a Methodist Sunday school, he got at the least aperture through which the light began to stream upon the forlorn heart, and one night after he had left him in the jail, within two days of his execution, the governor of the jail sent a message at dead of night and said, "Come back at once, sir; Edwards is converted." And there was your murderer upon his knees, singing with sobs:

Although my sins as mountains rise
And swell and reach to heaven,
Forgiveness is above the skies,
And I may be forgiven.

Who but Jesus could do that? To whom will you go when you have a case like that to deal with?

To whom shall I go to understand the nature of my sins? For, alas, we are so used to our sinfulness that we do not understand our sinfulness, and so the disease runs its course like many another insidious disease, and we do not look for the remedy because we don't know how deep the disease is. There is a gleam of sunlight shining yonder through the window into this great hall, and as the beam strikes across the hall, you see a million million motes of dust in the beam. You didn't know they were there until the light came; you thought you were breathing pure air. The light came and then you saw the sort of atmosphere you were breathing.

So God sets my secret sins in the light of his countenance. I don't know myself a sinner until I come to Christ. Then I know. And if you think of it, that was what went all through Christ's ministry. The young ruler did not know that he had sinned until Jesus Christ said, "Sell all that thou hast." Then he knew; he knew he loved the world more than Christ. The woman of Samaria did not know that she had any particular sins to be sorry for until Jesus said, "Go, fetch thy husband." Then she knew. Simon Peter did not know how great his sin was until that day when Jesus came out of the hall of betrayal and denial and looked—that was all—he looked on Simon Peter.

O, there are looks that might drag men down to hell. The look of the betrayed girl upon you, her betrayer, when you meet at the judgment seat, as you will. Jesus looked—that was enough. Peter knew his sin. To whom shall I go to learn my sin, unless it be to Christ? But when I stand in the light of Christ's countenance, then for the first time I know the manner of man I am and my need of a Saviour. To whom shall I go for impulse towards a better life? I may feel my sin deeply, but how am I to get the better of it? When I come to Christ there is that in Christ which makes me begin to live better. I cannot help it; I must do it, when I am thinking of Christ.

A PICTURE AS A DETERRENT

Many of you have, no doubt, read a story of Robertson of Brighton, which appears in a recent life. A little struggling tradesman used to attend Robertson's great ministry. Thirty years after a man went into the shop of this little tradesman, and in a little corner behind the shop there was hung a portrait of the great preacher. The man looked at it and said—and there were tears in his eyes: "O, sir, I cannot tell you what that portrait has done for me. Whenever I am tempted to do a bad act I go into the room and I look at the face of Robertson. I cannot do it—I cannot do it." It was the Christ behind Robertson that made that moral power possible. And when we come to Christ, and Christ becomes to us the great example and the su-

preme authority, we have got the impulse, my brethren, that is going to lift us up and make us live a different kind of life from the life we are living today.

CHRIST AND DEATH

To whom shall I go when death overtakes me? Who then will tell me how to have courage, and who will inspire courage in me? Come with me to the Catacombs at Rome. I spoke just now of Christ's influence upon very humble people, and I suppose of the thousands upon thousands who are buried in the Catacombs at Rome there were very few of the rich and very few of the mighty. There were many slaves, there were many children of the hovel and the hut. Here is the epitaph written over one of them. Robert Browning has translated it for us. A slave is buried there, and the slave tells his story, how he was born sickly, poor and mean, how no humility of circumstance could screen his soul from Caesar's envy, how thrice he suffered for Christ. Then the epitaph ends thus:

At last my own release was earned;
I was some time in being burned,
But at the last a Hand came through
The flame above my head and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
Sergius, a brother, writes for me
This testimony on the wall.
For me—I am beyond it all.

Who else could make a man die like that but Christ? To whom shall I go in the great agonies of life, the great vicissitudes of the soul, the great troubles of the spirit? To whom shall I go in the last hour but to Jesus Christ?

"And will ye also go away?" says Jesus. You will notice he says it to the twelve. Isn't that a significant thing? They had begun to go away in their hearts. It is only the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and Christ already has to say of one of his own disciples, "One of you hath a devil." Judas was going away; already his heart had moved away from Christ, and presently there was to follow open sin and hypocrisy and treachery and perfidy and at last the black infamy of betrayal. Going away from Christ—you know where he went. You look at the path as it slopes down into blackness; you see the blasted tree hanging over the precipice.

THE DRIFT AWAY FROM CHRIST

That is the end of the man who went away from Christ. And some of you have been going away from him a good many years, and you are among the twelve, too. You sit in churches, and yet, Sabbath after Sabbath, your heart has grown a little farther from Christ, and all the ministry that has been exercised over you has apparently done little for you; and today, as you look back to the years when you knelt at your mother's knee, and the years when you first went to the Bible class, and the years when you first stood up in some little country church to make your confession for Christ—you, gray-headed man, have to say this morning:

It gives me little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

You have been going away from Christ. Where are you going, and what is the end of it to be? Christ speaks it to the twelve, and he speaks it, therefore, to the whole Church. It seems to me that I might interpret the message to the Church today and say that the Church must come back to Christ. We ministers have to come back to the preaching of Jesus Christ. What else is there worth preaching? Let others, if they will, preach from the platform of philosophy and poetry—I don't question that they do good. Let other men stand up where they will and enlighten the minds of their fellows on great matters that concern the literature and the culture of life. God bless them in their work! I welcome all the cul-

ture of the world. But when I go into the pulpit, it is Christ alone I can think of.

THE CALL TO PREACH CHRIST

I remember how, years and years ago—I don't think I have thought of it until today for many a long year—when I was a student at college, I was summoned home suddenly to stand by the deathbed of my sister, who had been more than sister to me. And there came back to me today her words as spoken all those years ago. "O," she said, "preach Christ, preach Christ, preach Christ!" I didn't think very much of it, I suppose, then, but today the words come back, and I say I find nothing else but Christ worth preaching.

I feel as I might have felt had I stood upon the Mount of Transfiguration, where Moses and Elias are, where the great philosophers and the great thinkers are, but you remember at the close of it all Moses had gone, Elias had gone, and there was no man but Jesus only. So for me the other voices have grown more and more silent with the years. I find that philosophy has less to say to me than once it had. I find that even literature moves me less today than once it did. I begin to understand the word of Paul, "I am determined to know nothing among men but Christ, and him crucified."

I see no man but Jesus only. It is Jesus only, Jesus only for the minister to preach, and Jesus only for the Christian to live for, and Jesus only for the Church to make manifest. And, O, my brethren, if all this congregation, representing so many churches, will go away today with that faith—"Back to Christ" is the great motto—then indeed we shall have a revival which will quicken the spiritual life not only of this city but of this continent and of the whole world. And are there those here today who have been going away for a long, long time? Won't you come back? Come back this morning. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say Come." Come back to the one way, where the flowers of happiness are growing. Come back to the one Lord who has the right to command your spirit. Come back to the one faith that alone will console you in living and strengthen you in dying.

Brethren, God has brought us here through these days, and God, I trust, has revealed to us new visions of what our life ought to be and new visions of what the Church of Christ ought to be. Let us now solemnly sanctify ourselves and surrender to the only Master who has the right to claim our surrender. "For this is life eternal, that they should know thee the only true God and him whom thou didst send—Jesus Christ."

Woman's Board Friday Meeting

CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON, MARCH 3

Mrs. R. W. Wallace presided. It was interesting to see and hear Mrs. John Dubé, who as Nogatela Mdingi was for several years a pupil in Inanda Seminary, where she graduated in 1890. She paid a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Edwards, who opened that school in 1868 and who still continues to serve as its principal. In contrast to the six girls who formed the nucleus of the school, there are now about a hundred in each of the two departments. The school has been efficient in "turning out wives," as Mrs. Dubé said, for pastors and other Christian young men—and has extended its own missionary work into Gazaland, where Inanda girls have aided the missionaries of the board. Mrs. Stillson, formerly of the Zulu Mission and now assistant at Berkeley Temple, cordially greeted Mrs. Dubé and added her tribute of praise of the work and workers at Inanda.

Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling.—*Ruskin*.

The Schoolmaster*

By Zephine Humphrey

XVII.

The cold came early that year in Lincoln. After the first snowstorm there was a series of shining days full of serenity. The floor of the valley lay a pure and soft expanse of white, broken only by brown clumps of trees and staggering lines of fences. The snowy mountains round about wore a brown film of winter woods over their shoulders and crests, softening but not concealing their white structure. The air was sparkling, sweet, and the sky a living blue. Then one night a mighty hand with creeping, invisible fingers reached out to clutch the valley. There was no sound; the silence was terrible. Animals on the mountains burrowed deeper in their holes; people in the valley piled fresh wood upon the fire, and went out to give their horses extra blankets. The stars burned like glancing fires in the blackness of the sky, and the hills stood frozen beneath them.

In the morning, when the sun burst from the rim of the mountain, the world was flooded with light, but there was nowhere any response. People, creeping reluctantly from their beds, shivered and made hasty toilets, finding their water-pitchers solid. To look out of the windows was impossible because of the thick fur of frost; but when they had warmed themselves a little by leaping fires, they opened their creaking, sticking doors and peered out cautiously. Enough of that. They were back again. The keen air cut like a knife, shearing the breath away.

Only David persisted. It seemed to him all so wonderful, he could not instantly close the door and let the silence go.

"O, O!" protested Cousin Joseph from within, where he stood with his broad back turned to the roaring stove, and his hands clasped behind him, "shut the door quick!"

Cousin Peggy came trotting. Her lord was in distress.

"Why, David Bruce!" she cried, grasping the situation, and David's coat-tails into the bargain, "don't you know better than that? You might freeze your nose or your ears. It's an awful morning. Come here."

She pulled him back, and began tweaking his different facial members, deeply solicitous.

"Peggy! Peggy!" said Cousin Joseph. "He's got the door shut now. I'm all right. Isn't the coffee ready?"

David's intention of going to school was greeted with disapproval.

"There won't be a child out a day like this," Cousin Peggy affirmed. "They never have school in such weather. You'd be a goose to go."

"Peggy! Peggy!" said Cousin Joseph.

"Well, I tell you he would, Joseph Carter"—Cousin Peggy was spirited—"a raving, tearing goose."

"Yes, Peggy." Cousin Joseph, for his part, was mild to the point of meekness. "I only wanted to imply that he was already a good deal more than a goose. I'd call him a f!"

Cousin Peggy nearly upset the table in her efforts to step on her husband's foot. Her blue eyes flashed fire.

"Joseph Carter, will you stop!" she cried, fierce as a little hen.

"Peggy! Peggy! Peggy!"

A look of the gentlest innocence, wondering, half injured, overspread Cousin Joseph's ruddy countenance. He held his coffee cup suspended, and gazed at his wife.

"Yes, Peggy," he added after a moment, as a further sign of submission.

David laughed. A wonderful elation possessed him this morning, he could not have told how or why. For weeks he had been increasingly grave. The difficulties in his path and the process of growth within him

had worked for seriousness. But suddenly now something in him stood up and shook off the load, and was free. He was glad to intoxication. Perhaps it was the glory of the morning that might be held to account for this change, yet there seemed a cause further than that. It was more as if some event, approaching, sent a summons before it. What should the coming day bring forth? The spirit was ready at least.

"Good-by, Cousin Martha," said David, putting his head through the kitchen door. "I'm going to keep school all by myself today. Sha'n't I have a good time?"

Cousin Martha wiped her hands on the roller-towel.

"Come here, Davy," she replied. She had never called him that before. "I'm an old woman you know." And she laid her hands on his shoulders, and kissed him.

Out in the frozen sunshine David's exhilaration increased. He took little sips of the sharp air at first, feeling his nostrils pucker, and his breath blow back in ice against his cheek. Then his lungs became accustomed, and he breathed full and deep. The silence of the valley and the mountains was intense. Only his own footsteps were audible, creaking loudly in the snow. How strong and vivid the mountains were, clear-cut against the sky! How sparkling the meadows with their thousand facets of light! White and blue was the scheme of the day. Even the shadows were bright blue, and the trunks of the trees were purple. Then the flood of glorious light! Was ever sunshine so intense? It seemed that every hidden corner of the earth must be discovered today, every secret thing laid bare. Looking up at the mountains David felt his fingers quiver to have at his piano with the score of the Messiah.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

Yes, that was it—the King of glory. For surely a race of people called every year to pass through such majesty of winter must be heroic at heart, and their destiny must be surpassing. The King of glory should come in. Pushing open the door of the schoolhouse, David seated himself at the piano in the freezing room, and played the exultant anthem. It was his greeting to the great day, his expression of joy and purpose. Then, still humming softly to himself, he closed the door, and busied himself with the fire.

None of the children came. That was as Cousin Peggy had foretold. In fact it seemed that no one was abroad. Not a sleigh passed the door, no voices broke the silence, no sign of life was apparent. In the universal hush, David had a sense of being alone existent, of standing, an only man, in the presence of hills and sky. The feeling was at once uplifting and overwhelming. He scraped a hole in the frost on one of the window-panes, and peered out in the direction of the Eldridge cottage. He had no desire to go there this morning, he had other things on hand; but he liked to think of the warm life pulsing underneath that snowy roof. Then he opened his Beethoven, and played the Sonata Appassionata till the walls rang. After that, Schumann's "Aufschwung." After that the Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah. After that again, more Beethoven, but graver this time, more controlled; the impulse was spending itself. Then, presently, pause and silence, a season of rumination, with elbows on the music-rack, and fingers thrust deep in mass of tumbled hair. Was he writing a symphony? Perhaps. A symphony to be lived, however, not played; the score of a perfect life. Dreamily, over the top of the music-book, he surveyed his little realm; the orderly rows of desks, retaining even in their emptiness, to his mind, the character of their occupants; the globe and

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maps; the pictures looking from the walls in all the restful serenity of their great art. It was not surprising to him that he loved the place so deeply; he merely acknowledged gratefully the fact that he did so. To spend his whole life in it seemed to him nothing too much. The plans he had for completion were material for a lifetime. Then, beyond the schoolhouse, Lincoln, which he had always loved.

Yes, but it is one thing to love a place in fleeting summer fashion, visiting it idly, taking its brightest and best, skimming the surface of its life, nor caring to look below; and it is quite another thing to cast in one's lot with it, to share with it storm and cold, to know the pulsings of its life, its conflict and its sin, so that it seems no longer a fair, half imaginary Happy Valley, but part of the very stuff of earth. The former love is slight at the best, the latter stands firm as the hills. It may be possible—doubtless it is—to love a large city intensely. But, after all, such affection, it would seem, must partake of the general nature of the love we all bear the world. For closeness and tenderness, for thoroughness too, and forbearance in the face of human limitations, for particular charm and sweetness, what is there like the tie of a small community? In New York we pick and choose, select our affinities, pass by that which offends; in Lincoln all phases of life affect us whether we will or no. Query: which place affords the truer knowledge? He who can honestly say he loves a little country village in its entirety, may perhaps hope to lay claim to that great achievement, love for humanity.

David, however, was not moralizing thus. He had other things to do. Granted, that he did love Lincoln; of course, that went without saying. Granted, that in the warm heart of the village he had made for himself a place, with friends to cheer and support him; that was worth everything. But his lot lay not so much in the village, among the warm-hearted, as beyond, in the by-ways and hedges, the temperature of whose affections was perhaps just as well not taken. Here was where love counted; here he must win his way. And win it he would. There was not the least doubt in the mind of the knight that eventually all would go well. He dug his fingers deeper into his hair, and screwed his elbows into the music-rack, and thought strenuously. He was just on the very height of final success, with all of Lincoln transformed into a great Round Table, strong and beautiful, every knight and every lady, as Mount Mercy and East Peak, and his face was flushed and his eyes were bright with the vision, when there came a step at the door. One of the children after all? He leaped to his feet and crossed the room.

"Good morning!" he cried, without waiting to look, and flung the door wide. Doubtless the flash of his face looking out was like that of the shining mountains looking suddenly in.

Mr. Silas Barlow, however, had unblinking eyes. He finished stamping the snow from his boots, entered the school-room, unwound from his neck several yards of red muffler, unbuttoned his coat and sat down by the stove—all in a weighty silence. David, watching him, was puzzled; but there came a sudden return of the strange exultation he had felt on waking that morning. Something was about to happen; he knew it. Still on the heights of his mental triumph of the last half-hour, he held his breath, and waited.

"Pretty stiff mornin', ain't it?" remarked Mr. Barlow at length.

That inevitable hiding behind the weather! Could one never advance directly?

"Fine, I think," answered David.

So the pawns were out.

"Don't seem to have much of a school to-day."

Mr. Barlow looked slowly around with an

inquiring air, as if he might possibly be mistaken and discover yet a child.

"I suppose the day was too cold for the children to venture out."

David's replies were simple.

Well, yes, perhaps; that's possible," agreed Mr. Barlow doubtfully.

There at last, in the tone in which he spoke, was attack.

"You mean?"—suggested David.

Mr. Barlow shifted his position a little.

"Well, yes, of course I mean," he said, smiling somewhat grimly. "'Tain't likely I'd have come out this kind of a mornin' just to pass the time o' day. I mean"—He paused, and fitted his large boot into an angle of the stove-leg with that careful absorption in any extraneous triviality which characterizes orises. "The truth o' the matter is, young feller, you've just about played your game out."

David looked at him steadily.

"Still I don't know quite what you mean," he answered.

Then Mr. Barlow gave check.

"I guess you'll know in a day or two all right," he said harshly. "I happen to know, for my part, that the school-commissioners are goin' to meet tomorrow, an' draw up a paper formally askin' you to resign."

He lifted his eyes swiftly at this, to note the effect of his words. But David's face was unsatisfactory, from a dramatic point of view, in its courteous gravity.

"You mean to let me know, then," he replied, "that I have one more day in which to hold my position and do my work as teacher. Very well, I shall remember. Until day after tomorrow I am still schoolmaster."

Was it not the answering move of a knight; nay, rather, of the king himself? Yet spoken with such gentle politeness that offense there was none, hardly pride. Mr. Barlow got to his feet.

"Perhaps I'd better go."

"No, no," David interposed. "I hope I did not mean that."

He had risen, too, and, being somewhat taller than his companion, looked down at him out of his quiet eyes.

"I never see much good, to be sure, in anticipating things. I am schoolmaster, I am alive. Tomorrow I may be dead, yet I go on living just the same today, do I not? Well."

"You're a perfect fool," said Mr. Barlow, "with not even spunk enough to get mad."

He buttoned his overcoat rapidly, and began winding the red muffler again about his neck. If he had known the interview was going to be so short, he would scarcely have removed the latter. Yet how could he, after all, have delivered himself with dignity from amidst its many folds? He thought of this, and stopped winding.

"Mad?" replied David. "Mad? O, no, I hope not."

Was that actually all he was going to say? An occasion such as this with two native mountaineers would have meant two or three hours of hot, quick conversation, the kind of talk that puts spice into life. And now—Mr. Barlow's hands had barely had time to grow warm from the bitter walk he had put himself to with such high expectations. No wonder he was nettled, defrauded.

"A perfect slay," he thought to himself, "Good for nothin' at all!"

David did not urge him to stay. Such a politeness would have been inconsiderate. The victory tacitly lay with him, and the truest courtesy of victor toward vanquished is absence. Moreover, he was no hypocrite, and he wanted to be alone.

"Good morning," he said; and then, at a venture, thinking it might possibly be the right thing, "Thank you." For in truth he was bewildered. Malice was a motive he did not easily understand.

Left alone, he resumed his seat by the fire. It was this it had foretold then, that morning exultation, that certainty of the coming of

some high event. Not success, as he had fondly hoped, but failure.

Failure!

David had not before seriously faced that word. He had talked about it with Mr. Eldridge, as we have seen, chapters back; he had thought about it since. But, after all, no one starts out to work with such an end in view; it must seem melancholy to hopeful human-nature. It is only when, unbidden, it presents itself as the final reward of many faithful labors, that its effect is seen sometimes to be not altogether such as might have been anticipated. Melancholy? Whence comes, then, this strange joy, this unreasoning exultation? As if, forsooth, to fail had been from the first the desired consummation. Stirred again, irresistibly, by the rapture of the morning, David rose and, going to the piano, struck the chords of Chopin's Prelude No. 20. To fall absolutely, there was a joy in that. To know no holding back, no hesitation, no compromise. Perhaps there was no successful worker in all the land who was visited that morning by so fine a gladness as that which enlarged the heart of this young man, misunderstood, failing of all his hopes. Alone and face to face, as never before, with the great Idea which he had served so faithfully, he realized, also as never before, what an Idea it was. He threw back his head, and sang,

"Who is the King of glory?"

Does this seem preposterous to the reader, out of human possibility? Perhaps he has never failed.

Coming out of the schoolhouse at last, with the neglected fire dead in the stove, and the room relapsing into its icy reserve, David walked down the valley. He had felt the greatness of the day, now he understood it. What was the winter but the summer's failure? For light and warmth, fruition, peace, form, after all, the goal towards which creation strives, ever, ever climbing up through the hopeful springs, ever, ever falling back through the checking winters. And the human destiny is strange enough which makes us love the winters. The perfect peace and sunshine, the endless spring, shall undoubtedly come at last, since we all, with one accord, so earnestly invoke it: but not till it really comes shall we be ready to rest content in it. And what shall the old worker, Earth, have to do in that tranquil day?

Cousin Peggy and Cousin Joseph looked curiously at David when he entered the dining room, his face was so bright and strong, with a certain quiet in it built up on a basis of sternness.

"I declare, Joseph," said Cousin Peggy, speaking in a whisper behind the kitchen door, "sometimes he acts so queer and unconcerned; what if they should be right?"

[To be continued]

Biographical

REV. JOSEPH HENRY WARREN, D. D.

A pioneer in home missions, in whom the promise of length of days was graciously fulfilled, Dr. Warren died, Feb. 17, at Dayton, Wn., whither he had gone a few weeks before to reside with his daughters. Mrs. Warren died July 20, 1904. Their home had been in San Francisco for many years. Dr. Warren was born in Michigan, Sept. 7, 1819, was a graduate of Knox College and Union Theological Seminary, New York, and was ordained a home missionary in Broadway Tabernacle in 1850. He went at once to California and, after a few months as stated supply for the First Church, San Francisco, organized a church at Nevada City, of which he was pastor for seven years. For some years following he was editor of the *Pacific*, and in 1864 was commissioned by the Home Missionary Society as its superintendent for California and Nevada. He continued in this office for twenty-seven years doing extensive pioneer work for a whole generation. He was the father of a large number of Congregational churches, and an enthusiastic believer in the greatness of California.

The Home and Its Outlook

A Prayer

BY MRS. I. P. WARREN

Closer to Thee, O Lord,
Closer to Thee;
This earnest, heartfelt prayer
Ascends from me.
Bend down a listening ear,
My supplication hear,
And bring me ever near,
Nearer to Thee.

May old things pass away
And all be new;
Let Thine almighty strength
Each vice subdue.
O cleanse my heart from sin;
Make me all pure within;
May life in Christ begin,
Life, full and true.

May I the Spirit's fruits
Each day display;
Let love and joy and truth
My life portray.
Show me the Father's face;
And may my soul embrace
Thine all-sufficient grace
Which keeps alway.

May steadfast trust in Thee
Bring perfect peace;
Bid fear and anxious thought
And doubt to cease.
Help me to do Thy will;
Then shall I fear no ill,
And, as my heart grows still,
May faith increase.

Then shall my life be hid
With Christ in God;
E'en though the cross I bear,
And feel Thy rod.
Help me to watch and wait
Till I reach Heaven's gate.
What though the path were strait
My worn feet tread?

Labor That Satisfieth Not

BY ANNA BARROWS

Few normal human beings object to work, if thereby they can accomplish some good end; but work is laborious when we realize that it might have been saved by forethought. Whatever fails to increase human comfort and well-being rightfully may be classed as unsatisfying labor.

Not long ago a speaker before a woman's club made this statement: "We are asking to have strength to meet the demands placed upon us. It is not less work, it is more strength that is needed." This sounds praiseworthy, but closer analysis makes us remember that there are limits to physical strength which human ingenuity cannot extend, and that a sifting of the demands is the thing needed. Is that labor necessary which is beyond our available energy? Our strength might more often be equal to our days if the demands upon it were more wisely made.

Tradition, ignorance and lack of thought are the chief causes of unnecessary and unsatisfactory labor. Conditions change, and hence standards of living must be modified for each generation; but we cling to traditions and deplore the past, instead of using our brains and enjoying the present.

Because our foremothers believed that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well, we insist on much needless use of the flatiron: modern knit underwear will adjust itself, and physicians often tell us that the interposition of the iron is not a hygienic benefit. Sheets and flat work require little but smooth folding. The machines of the laundries are caring for the starched articles more and more.

In the household economics exhibit arranged by the college alumnae, which has been shown during the last year or two in many of our leading cities, was one striking illustration of the way labor is often thrown away; two sets of undergarments for women were exhibited, each consisting of several pieces, the difference in initial cost being little, but the estimate of labor required for laundering showed a wide difference.

Ignorance of proper methods of caring for a household results quite as often in overwork for some one as in neglect. From lack of thought we fail to discriminate between the essentials and non-essentials. It behooves a housekeeper to find how few motions will be required in the care of her house or any single article in it to keep it in good condition, for it is the rapid multiplication of these additional touches which roll up into a mass of overwork and result in worry.

Could we but remember this, and choose the plain—yet more artistic—piece of furniture, instead of the one with elaborate carvings; the smooth silver rather than that with much decoration; and so on throughout the house, many hours of unsatisfying labor would be saved. It is true, there may be some satisfaction of a selfish sort accruing to the possessor of ornate articles, but though she may feel superior to her neighbor because of these possessions, they have, to some extent, become her masters.

The inexperienced householder, having little knowledge herself of the labor involved, adds an extra course to her dinner, thinking, thereby, to do her guest more honor. Less hospitality is an inevitable result of this increased expense, not only of material but of labor. Often the additional course means more labor in dish-washing than expense for food. Washing dishes is no small part of the domestic problem. "Washing dishes," says Edward Howard Griggs, "has always seemed to me the extreme symbol of dead work"; and he goes on to contrast it with the anticipation there is in getting dinner.

Another phase of the many-course meal is the undue labor it imposes upon the digestive organs of our guests. Some day the scientists with their elaborate machines will be able to tell us how much human energy is lost, not only by the adulterated and embalmed foods of which we hear more, but by over-indulgence in too nutritious foods, to which we are tempted by kindly hostesses. An excess of food material in the system not only fails to build new tissues, but requires much energy to eliminate it from the body, and failing that, is simply stored up as poison to cause discomfort. The recent experiments of Professor Chitten-

den, director of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, strongly substantiate this. He says:

"With enlightened methods of living will come a truer appreciation of the dignity of the body, and a lessened desire to manifest one's feelings of hospitality by a lavish intemperance that is as unphysiological as it is wasteful. . . . It would be easy to adduce figures showing the great waste which the consumption of food beyond the physiological requirements of the body entails."

Because of our many good things at one time we are not only unable to enjoy them all then, but there is nothing left for another occasion. When strawberries are in the market all the year they have less charm in the height of their season. Shall we spend our money for that which is not bread, and serve strawberries at Christmas time?

There is much unsatisfying labor which the housewife would gladly escape, but it has causes beyond her control. Some inventive mind may, in the future, devise some means of utilizing the energy lost in the soft-coal smoke which descends and diffuses itself over the most cherished possessions of those within its reach. Think of the hours of labor wasted by the women of America in useless struggle against this enemy!

Less apparent, but quite as real a difficulty, is the thoughtless way in which many of our appliances and utensils are manufactured. A rough edge results in cut fingers; a sharp corner, in torn clothing; a top-heavy article upsets with sad effect; all resulting in much unsatisfying labor to make things right again. Here is an illustration: twice at least, within a few months, the ill-balanced covers of the earthen pots in which a caterer serves coffee at a weekly luncheon in a clubroom have rolled off in the hands of an unwary person, with the result of broken dishes, spilled coffee and the discomfiture of the luckless holder.

Lack of thought on the part of the architect causes much loss of energy and hundreds of miles of unnecessary travel in our houses. Some one has well said that every architect before he is allowed to design dwelling-houses should serve an apprenticeship as a general houseworker.

Could we eliminate from the day's work all preparation of food which adds nothing to our physical energy, and the dish-washing such additional cooking requires; all sewing on dress trains, which sweep dusty streets, and similar unclean decoration on our clothing; all the laundry work required by superfluous ruffles; all the cleaning consequent upon the possession of much bric-a-brac in our houses; then, perhaps, we should have time for some of the pleasant tasks for which we daily sigh; then we might find real pleasure in the performance of the necessary tasks remaining, those which truly make for the health and comfort of our families. "Pleasure in work," says Mrs. Ellen H. Richards in *The Art of Right Living*, "lessens expense of living more than any other single thing. A simpler life is possible when mere living is a pleasure."

A Spring Airing

All the good little kittens have washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
They're gray and fluffy, and soft and muffy,
But it's time to lay them by;
And now that we've come to the spring of the year,
They have them all out airing here;
And that is the reason, I do suppose,
Why this little tree that every one knows,
By the name of Pussy Willow goes.
—Martha Burr Banks, in *Good Housekeeping*.

A Little Girl's Grandfather

A HINT IN CHILD NURTURE

BY MARCIA CARY

My grandfather is a pretty sober man; he doesn't ride you on his foot, he doesn't chase you with his shaving brush—but I guess he likes little girls.

One night I woke up when my auntie came to bed. The room was all black. I wasn't a bit sleepy. I could hear kind of queery things outside. My pillow felt like a miserbul pillow. My auntie said: "O, do lie still! Do go to sleep!" Then I lay still. The ocean was making a dornful sound. I wished I could see my mother. I hoped she wouldn't die before I got home. Once there was a little boy—he was horrible naughty to his mother, and she died that very night. I wished I could tell my mother I was sorry for every naughty thing I ever did so long's I lived.

My auntie said: "What is the matter? What are you crying about?"

She said a good many things to me. She said she was wore out. I wished my father would come and take me in his arms and carry me home right off. I got all choked.

Pretty soon my auntie said, "See what you have done, you naughty girl, you've waked up your poor tired grandfather!" It scared me very much. I hugged my pillow tight.

My grandfather came in; he said, "What's this?"

My auntie said: "She won't try to stop. She ought to have a whipping!"

Then I cried out loud. I put my hands over my mouth, but I only cried worser. My grandfather said, "O, well, well, well, well, well."

He sounded just as good—sounded as if course he wouldn't whip me. He said, "Your grandmother has sent you a drink of water."

It was very kind in my dearie grandmother. I sat up in bed. My grandfather put his hand on my shoulders. It is a nice big hand. The light shined in at the door and stopped its being such a dreadful dark. It was beautiful water.

My grandfather said, "You don't want to cry any more, my daughter."

I said, "No, Grandfather."

He seemed as if he knew I wanted to oe a good girl. He seemed to like me just as well. I laid down in bed. My pillow felt like a good pillow. My grandfather put his hand on my head. He said, "I would go right to sleep, my daughter." I said, "Yes, Grandfather"—and next I knew, 'twas morning!

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warnings.—*Lowell*.

Tangles

[For the leisure hour recreation of old and young. Any reader who can contribute odd and curious enigmas, etc., of a novel and interesting kind is invited to do so, addressing the Puzzle Editor of The Congregationalist.]

15. ANAGRAM

AKT LINKED BOTH

Interwoven forever their destinies are,
United eternal by ALL;
May the path of their lives be from brambles quite free,
And never a sorrow befall.
Was it caused by the art of a word or a smile
Or the beauty of eyes' deepest blue?
We may trust it was caused in the old simple way
By the love of two hearts that are true.

HYPERION.

16. TRANSPOSITIONS

By taking the first letter of each word and putting it at the end change a pine product to skill; the present to possess; the result of exposure to the sun to an insect; a vehicle to part of a circumference; a Scotch cake to fruit of evergreen trees; a wise person to a long time; more unhappy to reptiles; an expression of amusement to a long distance; a weapon to fruits; frightens to an expression of affection; one kind of power to another.

C. J. K.

17. CHARADE

Take up thy brother's burden,
Whatever it may be;
The cause that needs assistance
Demands thy sympathy.
Thy neighbor, near or distant,
ONE weak man or ONE strong,
Each has his own great grievance,
Each his peculiar wrong.

Take up thy brother's burden,
However hard it be;
To know he is thy brother
Is cause enough for thee.
The TOTAL or the stranger
Holds TWO on sympathy,
But nearer yet, and dearer,
Thy BROTHER'S helper be.

TRANZA.

18. DELETIONS

(From the first word in each set cut out the second, leaving the two ends joined to make the third. Example: Rest-rain-ed, rain, rested.)

1. From a vessel for wine cut out insincere piety and leave a wild animal. 2. From impurity cut a small tool and leave to make crazy. 3. From ruined cut a form of grease and leave hastened. 4. From wandering cut a solar beam and leave prick of an insect. 5. From fault-finding cut a level country and leave arriving. 6. From errors cut to receive or get and leave an unmarried woman. 7. From unappropriate as to time cut a section of the year and leave incapable. 8. From conspicuous cut a form of water and leave distinguished.

DOROTHEA.

ANSWERS

12. Rest-train, rest-rain.
13. 1. Foote. 2. Nott. 3. Lot. 4. Brooks. 5. Fuller. 6. Raines. 7. Ford. 8. Banks. 9. Hardy. 10. Younghusband. 11. Eddy. 12. Low. 13. Hill. 14. Forrest. 15. Eve. 16. Baer. 17. Prior. 18. Lyon. 19. Black. 20. Snow. 21. Young. 22. Gay. 23. Wood. 24. Booth. 25. Chesnutt. 26. Keene. 27. West. 28. Pierce. 29. Rhodes. 30. Folkes. 31. Bunyan. 32. Payne. 33. Cain. 34. Lover. 35. Lever. 36. Platt. 37. Mann. 38. Noah. 39. Holmes. 40. Hawthorne. 41. Hogg. 42. Root. 43. Field. 44. Penn. 45. Chambers. 46. Dunne.
14. Part-it-on.

Recent excellent solutions are acknowledged from: Mrs. A. E. S., Wakefield, Mass., to 8, 9, 10, 11; D. B., Boston, Mass., 8, 9, 11; Mrs. Frank A. Morse, West Rutland, Vt., 6; E. M. K., Springfield, Mass., 8, 10; Riverside, West Medford, Mass., 6.

Closet and Altar

THE JOYFUL LIFE OF SERVICE

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control.

The soul grows into lovely habits as easily as into ugly ones, and the moment a life begins to blossom into beautiful words and deeds, that moment a new standard of conduct is established, and your eager neighbors look to you for a continuous manifestation of the good cheer, the sympathy, the ready wit, the comradeship, or the inspiration, you once showed yourself capable of. Bear figs for a season or two, and the world outside the orchard is very unwilling you should bear thistles.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin*.

You have never reached the complete Christian message until you reach the great word, Service.—*Charles E. Jefferson*.

We have girded on His armor, we have buckled on His sword,
And the earth is glad with music as we raise with one accord
The great hymn of those rejoicing that they serve the living Lord—
Alleluia!

In the mercy of His greatness He has made His service sweet;
There is rapture in the burden, there is gladness in the heat,
And the goal that makes life joyous is the Lord's great Judgment Seat—
Alleluia!

To the Lord Who spread the heavens through the boundless fields of space;
To the Lord Who calls the weary to His Calvary of grace,
Raise the hymn of grateful triumph—we shall see Him face to face—
Alleluia!

—*Harold Begbie*.

It is one thing to ask God to help us in our plans; it is quite another thing to ask God how we can be helpers in His plans. Every man is glad to have God's help; only now and then is found a man whose first thought is how he can help God. What is your chief desire in your morning prayer for the day? Your honest answer to that question may reveal to you your spirit and purpose in life.—*H. C. Trumbull*.

Eternal God, who committest to us the swift and solemn trust of life; since we know not what a day may bring forth, but only that the hour for serving Thee is always present, may we wake to the instant claims of Thy holy will; not waiting for tomorrow, but yielding today. Lay to rest, by the persuasion of Thy Spirit, the resistance of our passion, indolence or fear. Consecrate with Thy presence the way our feet may go; and the humblest work will shine, and the roughest places be made plain. Lift us above unrighteous anger and mistrust into faith and hope and charity by a simple and steadfast reliance on Thy sure will. In all things draw us to the mind of Christ, that Thy lost image may be traced again, and Thou mayest own us as at one with Him and Thee. Amen.

Down the Aisle

The Somewhat Awkward Process of "Lifting a Collection"

By AMOS R. WELLS

Two deacons were talking earnestly together. I shall call them Deacon Brown and Deacon Green, because they were not Deacon Brown and Deacon Green.

"I just hate it," said Deacon Brown.

"And I'm not fond of it," said Deacon Green.

"It looks easy," said Deacon Brown.

"But let any one try it," said Deacon Green.

"They are talking in our church," said Deacon Brown, "about getting the young men to do it, not the deacons. And I wish they would."

"Ever hear," asked Deacon Green, "of the church where they had the young women do it? That would be pretty."

"The women," responded Deacon Brown, "are doing everything about a church except taking the collection, and they might as well include that."

"Maybe if they did," added Deacon Green, "they'd learn how to put money in the collection. One woman in my row never looks at the box; just reaches out her hand and gropes for it, staring straight ahead."

"And one woman in my row," said Deacon Brown, with an aggrieved air, "always makes a dive for the box and fairly throws her money at it; and of course she misses it, half the time."

"But they are nothing," declared Deacon Green, "to the women that look into vacancy as you approach, and don't remember they have anything till you get by."

"I have a woman," said Deacon Brown, "who always hides her envelope and pretends not to have it till I start for the next seat. Then she waves it at me and looks mad."

"Sometimes," said Deacon Green, "they haven't anything, but look as if they had, holding their hands just that way; and then when you stick the box in front of them they shake their heads and look daggers."

"But the worst," said Deacon Brown, "is when they have brought their purses along, and fumble, fumble, fumble, while you wait, wait, wait, till it seems like a small-sized eternity."

"Sometimes," added Deacon Green, "I don't wait, but try them on the way back."

"And they have always put away their purse, and the money in it."

"Yes."

"There's one woman in my row," said Deacon Brown, "she's so nervous she always hits the box when she brings up her hand, and she'd upset the whole thing if I didn't look out."

"And then there are the children!" exclaimed Deacon Green. "They do everything their mammas do, only worse. But they enjoy it so much, I like to see them."

"So do I."

"But isn't it funny," asked Deacon Green, "that so many folks should put money in contribution boxes all their lives and still not know how to do it? still be embarrassed over it?"

"It is, indeed. But how about the men?"

"Strange to say, they aren't half so awkward about it as the women. Guess it's because they are more used to money."

"But the women are more used to collection boxes."

"That's so."

"You have the old-fashioned box, I suppose," said Deacon Brown.

"Yes, with short handles. I stretch my arms out of my sockets, almost, trying to reach the ends of the seats with them. There's only one man in the church that ever takes the box and passes it along."

"But we," said Deacon Brown, "have long handles, and you may thank your stars you haven't. I'm always hitting Deacon Black with my handle, and he's always hitting me with his."

"Those velvet bags are nice and quiet," Deacon Green remarked.

"Always remind me o' Judas," said Deacon Brown. "But how about the plates?"

"Regular detectives," declared Deacon Green. "We take up the communion collection on plates in our church, and it's always dedicated to two saints."

"Two saints?"

"Yes; Saint Nicholas and Saint Copperas."

"Ah—that's old!"

"And forever new in our church," sadly said Deacon Green. "And I do have a time getting them to pass the plate along."

"Worst thing," said Deacon Brown, "is marching back again. Deacon White and I have such a time getting into step. We're generally trying halfway up the aisle."

"Deacon Black and I," said Deacon Green, "get into step all right, but we walk fast, can't seem to hold in, and we get about ten feet ahead of the deacons in the other aisles, best we can do."

"I wonder," mused Deacon Brown, "if Paul used a collection box."

"Sometimes," responded Deacon Green, "I wish we had only a collection box at the door, Catholic style."

"The Catholics," Deacon Brown objected, "have all styles. And work 'em all at once. But did you ever hear of the church with collection boxes in the pews?"

"No!"

"Well, a man built the church for them—elegant church—on condition that they shouldn't take up any collection in it, and they got around it that way. They put little collection boxes in the pews, and at a certain point in the service there was a prayer, at the end of which each person made his offering. Good scheme, I think."

"Yes," Deacon Green assented, "if the donor agreed. But probably he was dead. That plan let out the deacons, anyway."

The perfection of the Christian Church requires universality, and universality requires the missionary.—Rev. Robert Hume.

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The Conversation Corner

The Children and the Birds

THAT little girl in the picture is not a stranger in the Corner by any means; she was first introduced to us about six years ago as a traveler across the Pacific Ocean with a lapful of kittens; almost exactly a year ago she appeared as one of two little girls who were celebrating their second birthday, although twelve years old, at her missionary home in far-away India; and now she comes again with another set of pretty pets, just in time to illustrate the children's letters about feeding the birds which I was planning to read to you.

My Dear Mr. Martin: I had a pair of the prettiest pigeons in Satara, but a mungoose came and ate them up. [What kind of a goose is a mungoose?—D. F.] I used to sit and watch them by the hour, and they were very interesting. There was a little pigeon, too, and they used to feed him so funnily. They would take his mouth in theirs, and then pump it up and down—it was so funny! After the mungoose ate them up, the man who was in charge of them brought me another pair.

The picture I am sending you is of me and my new pigeons. All of them aren't there, one having been too far away to be in the picture. [I suppose Mr. Martin would call that an example of the ill effects of not being prompt; by being late that pigeon lost the opportunity of a lifetime to have its picture exhibited all over the known world in the Corner!—D. F.] I have only nine pigeons now, because right after the picture was taken one flew away and then the crows caught and killed it. The pigeon a little to the left had four eggs once, and only very rarely do pigeons have so many, usually having only two. The color of the eggs is pure white, and if the father and mother build a nest they build it so that right in the middle there is a bare spot, and in that bare spot the eggs are laid. I love my pigeons dearly, for I think they are the nicest kind of pets.

Satara, India.

RUTH F.

Dear Mr. Martin: I wonder if you are having the kind of weather we are having. It was 30° below zero one day this week, and the snow is eighteen inches deep on the level, and besides is in great drifts as high as the fences. I was out walking on some of them this morning; it's lots of fun when the snow doesn't break through.

I have not seen many birds this winter; not many are staying here on account of the weather. The hawk, crow and owl are seen flying about. For snowbirds we have the junco, the tree sparrow and the white-cap. I am sorry to say that I never saw the chickadee. I wish you would send us some. One morning I saw a lot of little snowbirds scratching in the snow, trying to find something to eat. We had been having some pop corn, so I threw some of it out of the window to them. The grains were so large they couldn't swallow them. Then I ground some and threw it out; they flew away, but soon came back and ate it gladly.

Do you have quails—"Bob White"—in New Hampshire? [Mr. Martin does not live in New Hampshire; if he did he would know that quail are not found there, except possibly an occasional bevy in the extreme southern part of the state. The winters are too cold and the snow too deep for quail in Maine and New Hampshire.—D. F.]

There was a flock of them here in the hedge in January. One snowy morning we heard a loud, strange call from the hedge and knew it was some bird. Going to the door we saw a flock of young quails by the corner; they ran away, one at a time, across the road, into the hedge. The call was kept up until they had all disappeared into a little heap of brush and fodder, where I suppose the mother was who had been calling them. Wasn't that something like the "Partridge's Roll-call"? I have read the book about Pomuk, and like it very much.

Appleton City, Mo.

LOUIE W.

Dear Mr. Martin: We have a shelf on which we put crumbs and seeds for the birds. Chickadees, blue jays, nuthatches, woodpeckers, juncos and goldfinches all come to the window after the crumbs. I am nine years old and would like to join the Conversation Corner.

Keene, N. H.

BERTHA G.

Dear Mr. Martin: There are some trees in front of our house that have little crab apples on them. They are not good and stay on the trees all the year round. The trees are full of pine grosbeaks. There are two bright red ones. First, there was only one pair, but they kept coming, so there are twenty or more, and there is one pair of little birds that mamma doesn't know what they are. The other day a dog caught one of the little grosbeaks

and a man drove him off and gave it to my brother, and he brought it into the house and it did not act at all afraid. There were no bones broken, just a flesh wound under the wing, and mamma put something on that. We put it in a cage, but he was afraid there. He was taken out and when papa held up his finger in front of him he jumped on it and sat there. Afterwards we let him go.

We have a little shelf just outside the sitting-room window to feed the birds on. My youngest brother while digging in the snow the other day was close to a grosbeak, but he was not afraid of him. My oldest brother is going to get a pair of snowshoes, and he is going to let me use them a part of the time. [I believe these brothers are the "three grinnies" whose jolly faces we printed two or three years ago—no wonder the birds like them!—Mr. M.]

East Hardwick, Vt.

BERNICE M.

Dear Mr. Martin: I have been feeding the birds this winter. The syringa tree was almost full of them, and they were also in the willow and cedar trees by the brook. At first when I opened the window and threw out the crumbs they would all fly away and not come back till I had gone. But now they come as soon as I throw out the crumbs. The blue jays and snowbirds are in the cedar trees, and a lady told us that she saw a hairy woodpecker, which is quite a rarity. There is a church close to our house, and a chimney beside it, with a small space between, which is just filled with sparrows' nests. Looking up you see long



rows of nests. Have any Cornerers seen the birds on the snow? If you look under a birch tree, you will find them, I think. At first they look like mere specks on the snow, but if you look closer you will see they have the shape of birds. They come from the catkins on the white birch. I have been reading about them in "Sharp Eyes." I hope you have room for another Cornerer, as I would like ever so much to be one.

Andover, Mass.

MIRA W.

Dear Mr. Martin: I feed the birds with bread in a basket in a tree. One morning six blue jays and five chickadees came. As I was feeding them one day I dropped a piece of bread down on the roof of the building I was standing on, and a chickadee started down to get it; but a big blue jay came and lit on a branch near and that scared the chickadee. When the blue jay saw me he was afraid to hop right down, so he waited a little and then flew as swiftly as possible down on the roof and tried to pick it up as he was flying. But as it was a hard crust he could not do it, but swept it off, and my dog Beauty got it, and so neither the blue jay nor the chickadee had it.

South Berlin, Mass.

WALTER A.

How are those steers that you hauled wood with last winter, Walter?

Dear Mr. Martin: I think the birds do not come around as much this year as last. I have only seen the English sparrow. Our neighbor, who is a brother of Mr. Bradford Torrey [he ought to know all about birds!] hung some suet in their tree, but the only bird that came was a crow. Another friend who puts suet in her trees saw juncos, one tree sparrow, blue jays and a brown creeper.

Reading, Mass.

MARGARET C.

Dear Mr. Martin: We have a pear tree in front of our house and I throw crumbs for the birds and hang bones with a little meat in the tree. There are different kinds of birds, sparrows, woodpeckers and jays. Do we have to pay ten cents to get a

certificate? [NO!—Mr. M.] [But you might send a two-cent stamp!—D. F.]

New Britain, Ct.

LILLIAN H.

Three grown-up Cornerers write also—the first from the street which gave a name to General Oliver's famous hymn-tune, "Federal Street."

Some people here put food in nets (similar to those once worn by ladies on their hair), and hang them on trees for the birds, covering the top with a piece of gossamer, so that the rains shall not dissolve it all.

Salem, Mass.

MISS C.

The birds are fed at my home; the invitation is general—English sparrows excepted—but only chickadees and jays are guests. It is a great pleasure to watch them, and the hostess feels that she receives more than she gives.

Ware, Mass.

MISS B.

We have a hedge and several cedars, and here the English sparrows hold high carnival, and drive off everything else. I "have a spite" against them because of their treatment of our dear martins. For over thirty years the martins came to their house built on our stable. I knew just when to look for them in April and enjoyed their conversation so much until in August they packed up and left for the South. But at last, after terrible battles, they retreated, and never came back.

Saco, Me.

MISS S.

Passing a public school yesterday I heard the children singing and went in. The children in two rooms—perhaps fifty in each—were allowed by the teacher to tell their experience in feeding birds; it would take three broadsides to print all they told! But they all agreed at the end that it was good to feed hungry birds, that it was wrong to hurt birds or steal their eggs, and that sparrows and blue jays were cruel and thievish toward other birds. At first they said it was wrong to kill any birds, but when I asked them if they ate a bird at Thanksgiving time, they made exception when the birds were needed for food. I remember eating prairie chickens in the far West (killed by Louie W.'s uncle!), also wild geese and curlews in the far North, and never thought of anything wrong!

BETTER THAN THE BIRDS

Do you remember this plain, sweet saying of Jesus? "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them"—the birds. But "ye are of more value than they!" If it is good to care for the poor birds in their need, how much more should we love and care for

God's own children when they are hungry, or sick, or in hospital! The children who sent simple gifts to the little Southern cripple mentioned Jan. 21 will be glad to know that I have heard from the mother of their safe arrival.

She is the widow of an educated, esteemed and useful Congregational minister, who died after laboring several years among his own race. She is left with four children, and is a teacher in the public schools, but using more than half her small salary to keep the little daughter—five years old—in the hospital. This is a part of her letter:

She was paralyzed in 1903, and although somewhat better now is unable to sit up, and has been in the same position since March 4 of last year. In addition to being strapped down she has on a plaster jacket—not a very pleasant thing to wear for weeks. The doctor wishes her to be kept in hospital until September, but I am not able to keep her there longer.

Please tell the dear little children who have so kindly remembered her that she has been a very patient little girl during all these long months. She seldom cries, never teases, and will play and talk to herself, and sing. She is very fond of paper dolls, and O, how she enjoyed those letters! I tried to tell her who sent each doll and picture and letter; she wanted to know all about the giver. She says that when she gets lonely she "sings and sings" until she feels real happy, and the louder she sings, the happier she gets! I always knew that God would in his own way bring sunshine into her life, for "he does care!" I meant to tell you that St. Valentine sent her two beautiful valentines—one (from Vermont) contained one dollar.

Children: let us send her some more valentines of the Vermont sort, so that the dear little girl may stay in the hospital! What do you say? Let me hear what you say!

Mr. Martin

The Son of God the Light of the World*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

O Love Divine! whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from thee.

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Shine, Light of God! Make broad thy scope
To all who sin and suffer: more
And better than we dare to hope;
With heaven's compassion make our longings poor.

—John G. Whittier.

The proposition of the writer of this Gospel at its beginning was that the Word, which was God manifesting himself, was the true light, the light of men. The light shone into the darkness of ignorance, sin, prejudice and selfishness, and men did not receive it, yet the darkness could not quench it [1: 4, 5]. Jesus, standing in the temple at an opportune moment when its lights were kindled and shone out over the city, on which the darkness of night was falling, cried out to the multitude, "I am the light of the world." But the Pharisees would not receive the light into their souls. They sought to kill him who sought to reveal to them the glory of God.

As Jesus left these spiritually blind leaders of the blind and went out of the temple, he saw on the street a man blind from his birth. How he knew that the man had always been blind we cannot tell. Perhaps it was a matter of common knowledge, and the man was well known. Perhaps he gave that fact in his history in answer to questions from the disciples. Jesus gave to the man these three degrees of sight:

1. *The Son of God gave physical vision* [vs. 1-7]. The disciples of Jesus had a theological interest in the blind man and they had no impulse to better his condition. They would have liked to know whose sin was being punished, the man's own or his parents'. It was a nice problem for them to test their minds on; for if it was the man's own sin, it was prenatal. But when they asked their Teacher to solve it, his answer was in effect, Nonsense; this is not a problem of theology, but an opportunity for philanthropy. When you find a fellowman in trouble, it is not a time to argue about the cause of it, but a time to go to work at once and help him. While I am in the world, I am here to shed light into its darkness [vs. 3-5]. Then he made an ointment of common clay at his feet, and spread it on the man's eyes [v. 6]. The remedy was a popular one for blindness, but it seems never to have been efficacious in a case like this [v. 32]. Yet this man went and washed off the moistened clay from his eyes, and he saw.

Many men have been made by this act of Jesus to see a great truth—that when a true man finds a fellowman in need, then he should seize at once the opportunity to do his best to relieve the need. Samuel Johnson had engraved on his watch these words of the Master, "The night cometh." Sir Walter Scott had them placed on his sundial. Robert Murray McChesney wore them on the inside of his finger ring. They were Thomas Carlyle's standing motto to go with his autograph. They mean for all who will adopt them that every day is a day of great possibilities. One motive which led Jesus to give sight to the blind man in the street was to take the opportunity, instead of passing the man by, never to meet him again, to give him what he had to give.

2. *The Son of God gave the blind man mental vision* [vs. 8-34]. The Pharisees had a nice problem before them, too. The man they had always known as blind was brought before them by his neighbors, and he was seeing. He told them that a stranger had put clay on his eyes

and sent him to wash them. He had done so and he saw. But the Pharisees had been taught that their Scriptures commanded that no work should be done on the Sabbath. That day was the Sabbath. The stranger had done work when he made and applied the ointment. He had sent his patient to do work in washing out his eyes. They could only see that their precious law had been broken, and that the man who did it could not be from God [v. 16].

But the restored man saw his benefactor in the light of his deed. He said of the stranger, "He is a prophet." Light had touched the optic nerves and awakened them to life. But a greater light had penetrated his mind. He could see the character of a prophet where the Pharisees could see only a sinner.

3. *The Son of God gave the blind man spiritual vision* [vs. 35-38]. That was a great day for this blind man. He had already seen external objects, the face of nature and the handiwork of his fellowmen for the first time in his life. He had seen the blindness of the accredited teachers of the Church of God, who would look on the man that had given him sight only as a sinner. Because he could not see what they saw, and they would not see what he saw, they expelled him from the Church. He had seen Jesus as a prophet come from God and was ready to take him at his word [vs. 30-33]. Now, as an outcast, he met him again, and had from his own lips the assurance that he was the Son of God [vs. 35-37]. This crowned his great day and his new life. He believed on and worshiped the Son of God. That day he saw Jesus as a man, saw him as having the power and wisdom of a prophet, and saw him as his Saviour and Lord.

4. *The Son of God pronounced judgment on the Pharisees.* They saw, but received on the mental and spiritual retina only the images of a distorted vision. Their seeing was itself a blindness. Because they called that a seeing they made their blindness sin. In what he caused the blind man to see, and in what he caused men to see in the seeing but blind Pharisees, Jesus, the Son of God, revealed himself as the Light of the world.

The Midweek Meeting

FOR DEVOTION, CONSULTATION, FELLOWSHIP

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

(Topic for March 12-18)

What Are the Hypocrisies of Today? Matt. 21: 23-32; 7: 15-22

The effects of self-deceit and lying to God on character. Our influence. What is the secret of the contempt in which so many hold the Church? Why is it unjust?

Jesus declares himself on the side of the man who does not pretend. The son who refuses and repents is the better son of the parable. There are three parties to the pretense of goodness which we call hypocrisy—God, our neighbor and ourselves. God cannot be deceived, our neighbors seldom are for long; the folly and the danger of moral pretense is that it is most successful in its work of self-deceit. It is the exact opposite, therefore, of the wise Greek's counsel, "Know thyself!" "Pretend to be better, more helpful, more respectable than you are, that you may have self-content" is its bad counsel. And the judgment is twofold. First, this pretense helps to degrade our character so that we deserve contempt. Second, we are sure, sooner or later, to find ourselves out and to suffer the pangs of self-contempt. The shame and everlasting abhorrence which the writer of the Book of Daniel prophesies must in the nature of things include a large element of self-abhorrence.

For influence upward on other lives this pretense of good unbacked by the reality is fatal. The one man to whom those who need help will not listen with an open and attentive mind is the pretender. His words are characterized as cant, his very tones are ridiculed as false and affected. The surest weapon of the enemy is to disparage the sincerity of the Christian and the honesty of the Church. Every one who has tried to lead men to Christ is painfully familiar with the retort: "Why do you talk to me about the Church? The members of the Church are no better than they should be. I'm no worse than half the Christians I see in business."

Now there is this element of truth in the real or pretended scorn in which many hold the Church, that the love of many members has grown cold and with their love their honesty has failed. And there are some who never were more than pretenders to the righteousness which Christ requires. But this is just what we would expect, and what Christ foretold. If these scoffers would be honest with themselves and fair to Christ, let them read the parables of the tares and the wheat, and the net which caught all kinds of fish, and they will feel that the pretense is not all upon the side of the church members.

It is not too much to say that the Church of Christ, with all its faults, has always fulfilled and fulfills today Christ's prophecy that it should be as salt to preserve and leaven to renew. Its work is never done. It changes with the growth of the generations. It is unjust to treat it as a work in stone from which a finished statue should result. Stone is dead and statues are dead. But the Spirit of God working through the Church works with life for a perfected heavenly life. If it would be unjust to despise a school because it has idle and falsely pretending pupils and its good scholars are graduated as fast as they have learned, surely it is unjust to scoff at the school of Christ because it works with the imperfect seeking to bring them on toward perfection, bringing new souls ever on their way to be graduated into the perfect life.

* International Sunday School Lesson for March 19. Healing of the Man Born Blind. Text, John 9: 1-41.

Maine

Consulting State Editors heard from this week: Rev. H. A. Jump, Brunswick; Miss M. A. Hopkins, Bangor; Rev. D. E. Putnam, Houlton and Rev. E. L. Marsh, Waterville

The Perennial Temperance Question

BY REV. HERBERT A. JUMP, BRUNSWICK

"Ah, you come from Maine? Well, tell me about your prohibitory law down there." So frequently does the Maine man hear this question that he always expects it from any stranger. We have the law as usual, and we are "tinkering" it as usual, though this winter's session of the legislature has won our gratitude by inventing an absolutely new species of device for handling the unwieldy thing. This is nothing less than a special commission to enforce the state constitution, three appointees of the governor, with a corps of deputies whose task it shall be to secure rigid enforcement of all the liquor laws of the state, incidentally to drive the various sheriffs and police officers to a more careful performance of their duties. Whether or not the Sturgis Bill passes, the fact that it was proposed affords a significant commentary on existing conditions.

In general, one is forced to admit that the current of the best public sentiment in the state is setting steadily toward resubmission of the constitutional amendment, and this, too, in spite of a temperamental conservatism in the people, innumerable political complications and the urgent protests of many aggressive reform organizations. Fifty years of prohibition have resulted in an amount of hypocrisy, political jobbery and official corruption that has quite wearied the voters of the state, and while the resubmission of the constitutional amendment would by no means imply its abolition on the first attempt, it would at least record contemporaneous opinion on a moral question, the aspects of which have considerably changed in a half-century. When prohibition was first adopted, it was largely by the farmer vote of the state, and Professor Giddings of Columbia University, the eminent sociologist, declares that to his mind the interpretation of the whole history of prohibition in Maine lies in the fact that the law from the first was so framed as to have no application to "cider," the farmer's beverage. Through all the years, consequently, the cities have been denied home rule with respect to their drinks, and generally have met the situation by complacently disregarding the law. Now and then a spasm of so-called "enforcement" has swept across the state, but almost without exception these spasms have been political rather than ethical in their motive, and left conditions little better than before.

The last six months, moreover, have written an important chapter in the history of public opinion on this question. At the fall election a dramatic campaign resulted in the re-election of William Pennell as sheriff in Cumberland County, which includes Portland, the largest city, and Brunswick, the largest town, of the state. Mr. Pennell won his re-election on a frankly confessed platform of nullification. Under his régime some thirty saloons had been running in Portland, on the side streets, however, and with their windows boarded up. These saloons were allowed to sell on condition that certain precautionary and restrictive regulations should be strictly observed, viz., no sales to minors or intoxicated persons, or on Sunday, or after ten o'clock at night. Even then, from time to time the saloon keeper would be brought to court and fined, and this continuous outlawry of his business enabled the sheriff on provocation to close up any establishment. This plan, Mr. Pennell declared, had by the operation of the laws of political economy—for a drinker

wants the best drink he can get for his money, and he wants it in the least unattractive place—taken the traffic from the homes of the poor people, the "kitchen bar-rooms" as they are called, where women and children conduct the business, concealing the liquor in cellars, sewers and unmentionable places, and where, in the interests of public welfare, least of all should the traffic be tolerated, and locates it in public drinking places under restraint of the sheriff's deputies. In place of 250 "kitchen bar-rooms" that ran before the saloons began to operate, the sheriff claims now that less than fifty are able to stand the risk of fines and keep open doors; more than five hundred children have been saved from necessary and in many cases contributory contact with the evil; there are fewer drinking places than under so-called enforcement; a less poisonous grade of liquor is furnished to the man who will have liquor—in short, the peril by being brought into the open is put as nearly as possible under control. Sheriff Pennell claims to give the people of his county what they would choose if they had a chance to express their choice. He declares that he can better accomplish the intent of the prohibitory law by disregarding the letter of that law than by keeping it. He is willing technically to violate his oath of office if by so doing he can lessen the dangers to the community of the drink traffic. He is adopting many features of the Norwegian system, but unfortunately is doing it illegally. He is a Christian, a church member, a scientific student of the liquor problem, and concededly an efficient administrator—though also concededly a politician.

On this platform he fought and won his campaign. His opponents denied the truth of his claims as to results, charged him with official perjury and with the taking of corruption money; but in spite of this strenuous opposition and despite the far more significant fact that Mr. Pennell is the only Democrat that has ever held the sheriff's office in a county overwhelmingly Republican, his re-election stamped with popular approval a policy of nullification, provided it be practiced by an official in whose integrity the voters have confidence.

This outcome speaks clearly the mind of at least one county of Maine, and other evidence might be adduced looking in the same direction. At present more really scientific thought is being applied to the problem than ever before, and, whatever be the outcome of the endeavor both of the friends and opponents of prohibition, a solution may ultimately be expected that will give better satisfaction than the law as now enforced.

Along the Kennebec

Two weeks of evangelistic meetings have just closed in Skowhegan, all Protestant churches uniting. Rev. C. D. Crane and Rev. E. L. Marsh led them. Attendance was large and interest strong. The pastors are now carrying on the services.

At Freedom Academy, whose students attend the Congregational church, a new religious interest has been quickened by addresses given by neighboring pastors, among them Rev. Messrs. T. P. Williams of Searsport and E. L. Marsh of Waterville. For two weeks in March Evangelist Gale is to hold services in Fairfield. Over one hundred conversions are reported at Wilton, from meetings held earlier in the season, and fifty from Norridgewock, following the Week of Prayer.

In all the addresses and discussions of the

Kennebec County C. E. Convention held March 2 in Augusta, the prevailing note was strongly evangelistic. E. L. M.

Our Bangor Letter

First Church is arranging special services for Lent, while the regular services will be on themes especially suited to the time. The Boys' Club has joined the order of the Knights of King Arthur, the chapter being named Castle Cutler in honor of the pastor. This is the second chapter in the city, the first started being Castle Griffin, at Hammond Street. A new method of interesting parents in the Sunday school was recently tried with encouraging success. The Sunday school teachers and officers gave a reception to the scholars' parents. Besides sending them written invitations, each teacher made a point of seeing personally those belonging to her pupils. In some cases the invitations overlapped and fathers and mothers were invited several times over; but this emphasized hospitality resulted in the attendance of many who had never before shown interest, and a few who had never before been in the church. There was a musical program, cake and coffee were served, teachers and parents became better acquainted, and church and Sunday school will be more sympathetically in touch with scholars and parents than before.

Central Church is rejoicing that Rev. J. S. Penman is to remain its pastor, instead of accepting the excellent position offered him by the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society in Boston. During his pastorate the church has grown in membership, influence and strength, and at the suggestion of his leaving them the entire parish was deeply grieved. The Maine ministers congratulate themselves that the state work will continue to have his help and inspiration.

Fourth Church has built a belfry, painted its building, put in electric lights, and made other interior improvements. It expects soon to have a new organ. Thirteen recent accessions bring the membership to thirty-five. M. A. H.

Knowing the Local Problem

BY PROF. H. W. HULBERT, D. D.
Bangor Theological Seminary

A religious census of the city of Brewer has been carried to successful completion under the auspices of its five Protestant churches. The five wards of the city were found to contain 4,540 persons and 1,150 families. The fact that there were 1,605 adult men as contrasted with 1,516 adult women is explained by the presence of mills giving men somewhat transient employment. There were 1,419 non-adults.

1. The fact of highest import developed was the cordial fellowship with which the churches co-operated and carried through without friction a matter so delicate and far-reaching. Special care was taken not to antagonize the Roman Catholics or any Bangor churches having interests in Brewer. The result was that people of all shades of belief or non-belief aided to make the work complete. It was made plain that the time is near, if not already come, when we may properly speak of "The Church of Christ in Brewer," as we read of the "Church of Christ in Antioch," though, like that ancient organization, we meet for worship ordinarily in separate assemblies.

2. Comparatively few were found altogether indifferent to religion. In the most populous ward (South Brewer) only three families out of 304 and seven persons out of 1,390 expressed no church preference. In the fourth ward (second in population) only five families insisted that they did not want to be put down definitely. The third ward had six such families. Out of the 1,150 families in the city, probably not twenty-five, certainly not fifty, if pressed to an honest answer, would refuse to indicate a church preference. While a mere statement of denominational leaning might not mean much interest in religion or co-operation with its organized activities, it yet has its value as a well-nigh unanimous expression of at least a superficial approval of the Church, whose ministrations at the marriage altar and the deathbed cannot be altogether neglected. After the efficient taking of such a census, no family can say that it has been

entirely ignored. The necessity of naming a denominational preference may be the first step toward a new life.

3. This census shows that there are just enough churches in Brewer, and of the right sorts. The 98 Catholic families in the four northern wards are easily accommodated in St. John's Catholic Church in Bangor, near the end of the Penobscot bridge. The 105 Catholic families in South Brewer have their own local church. The 388 families with about 1,600 persons claiming Congregational preference are cared for by the two churches of that denomination. The same may be said of the 256 Methodist families with about 1,000 persons, and of the 166 Baptist families with about 700 persons. This leaves 91 families in the miscellaneous list. Of these about 20 are Episcopalian, as many Universalists and as many Free Will Baptists, leaving only 21 families to be divided between Adventists, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Christian Scientists, Jews, etc., all having churches in Bangor. So it seems clear that Brewer is neither over-churched or under-churched, provided the organizations that occupy the field do their full duty. To ascertain to what extent that was being done was a prime reason for taking the census.

4. It was proved that not more than half the families of Brewer have any vital connection with church life. The richest results of the effort are likely to appear in labors of love when this salient fact is made clear, and its causes are prayerfully taken to heart. It is the problem of indifference, that "worst form of censure." Into the hands of each church is placed a corrected list of the families who named that church as their choice. The result has been that each finds that it must tax its working force (by necessity helpfully enlarged) to the utmost, to win the indifferent to cordial and regular attendance.

Our Congregational churches have entered this providential door with all available resources. The Endeavor Society is making an independent canvass from house to house seeking new workers. The Sunday school has nearly doubled in attendance since early September. A number of other causes have conspired to bring this about, but the census has been an important aid. The whole church seems filled with "a mind to work," and prospects are bright for this oldest church in Penobscot County.

It is all-important to know the local problem. Such knowledge makes clear the providential opportunity of a church, and cannot fail to awaken it to its immediate duty.

From the Aroostook

No one who has ever spent a winter in Aroostook County would attribute allusion to the weather to poverty of thought. With snow four or five feet deep on the level, the mercury going no higher at noon for a month than four above zero, and occasionally dropping to fifty-two below, conditions would seem adverse to aggressive work.

But Aroostook people do not "hibernate." On every hand is intense activity.

Ashland has recently been holding Forward Movement services with satisfactory results. Rev. C. H. McElhiney has been assisted by Rev. W. G. Mann, general missionary of the Maine Missionary Society, who last year has labored faithfully and well at Eagle Lake Mills and at Oxbow. Mr. McElhiney is an indefatigable worker. Besides ministering to his own flock at Ashland he has pastoral oversight of a much larger region, driving many miles every week to minister to the people.

At Oxbow a promising work has begun. For several years the Missionary Society has sent students to this field for the summer, and they have done good work. Last spring, in response to the desire of the people, a church was organized. It was a great day for the settlement when this little company stood forth to represent the presence of the Holy Spirit in the midst of the beauty of the eternal hills. When Mr. Mann came he began to move for a church building. All recognized the need, and nearly everybody subscribed. Mr. Libby, long a resident, generously presented the most beautiful lot in the place. Visiting sportsmen have also given liberally. A great stimulus from the start was the gift of \$100 each from two of these men. The cost of the building, furnished, is estimated at \$1,800. Of this sum more than half has already been raised, and it is hoped that the church will be dedicated free of debt next summer. Any one interested should address Rev. W. G. Mann, 189 Marrett Street, Cumberland Mills, Me.

Fort Fairfield has recently called Rev. L. V. Farnsworth, who has begun work, "calling" another helper to his side, and making the election sure. The pastorate opens auspiciously. Presque Isle, too, has recently settled a pastor, Rev. A. L.

Golder. Both these ministers are from Washington County, where their pastorates were closely associated. Presque Isle has just suffered a loss in the death of its senior deacon, Mr. G. E. Wilkins, for thirty years a source of strength to church and community, whose influence will abide.

At Island Falls Rev. H. H. Noyes, a former pastor, has just resumed work.

Sherman Mills, under the efficient leadership of Rev. Frederic Parker, has been gaining rapidly. For many years aided by the Maine Missionary Society, it recently voted to assume self-support. To show its missionary zeal, this vote was on condition that a grant be made for the work at Sherman Station, four miles distant, to which the pastor all through the winter has driven every Sunday afternoon to hold service. Sherman Station has a history of special providences. For many years considered the most wicked village in eastern Maine, last year a forest fire became unmanageable and swept away every building but one in the place. Brick walls which the owner had defied God to burn, crumbled. The people were taken away by train to Patten. Nothing combustible was left in the town except one dwelling, and that belonged to the only Christian family. The circumstance naturally made a profound impression throughout this region. The place has been rebuilt, and a different spirit prevails, making it possible for Mr. Parker to do some good work. Sherman Mills, four miles distant, a religious community, by a change in the direction of the wind, was saved from the same fire almost as miraculously as the one house. It has the largest Sunday school home department in the county.

The primary department of the Houlton Sunday school has quadrupled in four years. This work has been carried on under the efficient direction of the pastor's wife. Believing that ninety-nine out of every hundred habitual churchgoers formed the habit in youth, the children, all under ten, are stimulated to church attendance. No prizes are offered. The names of those present are put upon the blackboard in the primary room each week, and at the end of the year the names of the six who have been present the largest number of Sundays are read from the pulpit. For two years and more an average of 75% of these children have been in the morning congregation. Not infrequently all but one or two are present. Several come whose parents do not attend, two from a Roman Catholic home being among the most constant.

Several members of the Home Department of the Sherman Mills Sunday school are now working in the lumber camps. The quarterlies are carried to them by tote teams, which bring back their offerings. The department is more than self-supporting. This type of lumber camp is unusual, perhaps exceptional.

D. E. P.

Campaign of Evangelism

Union Meetings at St. Johnsburry, Vt.

A successful three weeks' mission held by Evangelist H. L. Gale, assisted by his singer, Rev. W. H. Lambert, closed March 1. The two Congregational, the Methodist, Free Baptist, Baptist and Advent churches joined, and services were held in Music Hall. The attendance steadily increased, and at the closing after-service the body of the house was well filled by those who had decided for Christ. Not least among the benefits of these meetings has been the spirit of union, and the new life that has appeared in the membership of all the churches. At the service preparatory to communion held by the North and South Churches together, the large lecture-room of South Church was crowded to overflowing.

C. H. M.

Closing Days in Los Angeles

There is nothing more splendid than the face of a man upon which is written the joy of surrender to Christ. The campaign just closed in Los Angeles was full of such sights. Over 4,200 inquirers' cards give but crude evidence of the work done. At the final men's meeting a great company came forward as a testimony of their purpose to commit themselves to the Master and to join themselves to his Church. The old blind singer, Mr. Baker, who used to sing with Dr. Chapman, was called to the platform to sing "The Light of the World is Jesus." As those men faced

the old singer, looking up into his sightless eyes, and as he sang "Once I was blind, but now I can see," a shaft of light from the setting sun fell upon his white hair and face. His was a vision of Christ these men would fain have.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and his coworkers have been used to make the most profound religious impression ever felt in this city. He has demonstrated that an evangelism sane, calm and without extravagances, can attract great crowds and lead them to Christ. He has two secrets of success, besides his powerful, yet simple preaching: superb generalship in getting everybody to work, and the hiding of the messenger behind his message. Though his message is in the terms of the older orthodoxy he is so scriptural as to carry with him in his call for loyalty to Christ the man who would state his own thinking in the language of the new theology. No man who has attended this "mission" can fail to be conscious of the inspiration he owes to these earnest missionaries. As a part of the present movement Rev. F. B. Meyer of London has consented to come for a week of Bible teaching and preaching, April 9-16.

W. H. DAY.

Literature of the Campaign

For Better Things

From an invitation thus headed to meetings in the homes:

These home conferences, called in hope of promoting better things in the life of our beloved church, are designed to be devout but unconstrained, earnest but social, the councils, as it were, of a church family, where the presence of each is appreciated and has a share in making the spirit of all. Perhaps the Lord will show us accordingly in some simple way what we can do as a people and as individuals in order to receive his choicest blessings. Devotedly your pastor,

Salisbury, Ct. JOHN CALVIN GODDARD.

From a New Haven Pastoral Letter

The pastors of the Congregational Church in New Haven to their Churches: The present evangelism does not come as an endeavor merely to repeat the methods of gracious revivals of former days; it proceeds from an awakened sense of the greater work of faith given now to the Church of Christ to do. Our whole land needs a moral and religious movement which shall appeal to the conscience of the people; which shall lift up our standards of character and conduct; which shall reach all classes of men; and, as it sweeps on, take all human activities up into its purifying power. We need a reformation in which we may regain something of the ennobling passion of our fathers' faith while losing nothing of our larger liberty of the Spirit. We should greet the promise of a day of moral and spiritual enthusiasm, in which strong men shall give of their strength with an uplifting conviction of duty and a high joy of service. It is time, we believe, for the Church to seek for the Christ's own baptism of fire and the Spirit. For this end we need to see the sin of our world, as it is now, and also to behold, over and against all the evil of it, a new vision of God.

Cherishing such desires and hopes, in fellowship with many other communions, as the Lenten season draws near, we deem it a time well fitted for this call to the churches of our order. We would suggest that, with a deepened sense of individual responsibility, and in a common sympathy and endeavor, we seek to render this season fruitful: (1) By making it a personal religious opportunity, duly considering the truths and the duties which are vital to spiritual character, and, so far as possible, holding other cares and distractions in subordination to the religious opportunity of the season; (2) By allowing no slight inconvenience or avoidable cause to prevent our regular and responsive participation in the stated worship and other services of our

Continued on page 336.

The Dawson Meetings
in Review
Characteristics and
Estimates

Boston's Spiritual Awakening

Its Reality and Its Promise

The Evangelistic Parade
The Impressive Noon and
Evening Services

The Dawson meetings in Boston and vicinity closed last Friday noon. On Tuesday noon simultaneous meetings were held at Park Street Church and Faneuil Hall at which both Dr. Hillis and Mr. Dawson spoke. Market men in their white frocks were a picturesque and welcome feature in Faneuil Hall gathering. The evening meetings were in succession at Brockton, Quincy, Woburn and Malden and were crowded in each case to the doors, people coming from long distances on the electric and steam railways. At the close of each service practically the entire audiences rose when asked for an expression of purpose of dedication to Christ. During the week Mr. Dawson had the pleasure of seeing no less than nine thousand persons on their feet in response to an appeal for rededication to Christ. More specific accounts of different meetings follow:

The Street Parade and the Rescue Service

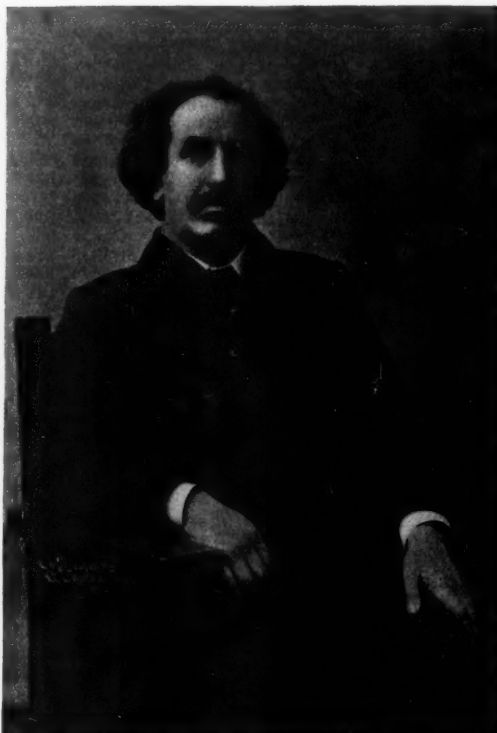
Tremont Temple on March 1 was the place where the Congregational god of respectability got some of its veneer rubbed off, and the solid oak of humanity underneath came to the surface. Urged by Mr. Dawson, the local committee at last planned for an evening session and a sally forth to the streets to gather in the backsliders and the worldlings. So at 8.30 P. M. folks who were willing to be something more than passive listeners to revival exhortations, and who planned to join with the Salvation Army, gathered in the Temple. In the galleries were several hundred spectators—too many and too largely saints for the best interests of the meeting. After a brief word of prayer by "Father Endeavor" Clark, and of instruction as to methods of operation by Chairman McElveen of the local committee, the company of about four hundred went four by four down into the street, armed with printed invitations to the meeting which were to be distributed along the route. On the street the gorgeously appareled Salvation Army Band and corps of workers were waiting to head the procession, and off it started for the North End.

It was a varied company. President Day of Andover Seminary, Secretary Barton of the American Board, Rector Paine of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church, Dorchester, Rev. Eugene Shippen and Albert Lazenby, Unitarians, Rev. H. S. Johnson, the Baptist iconoclast, Secretary Anderson of our National Council, Treasurer William Shaw of the Y. P. S. C. E., Evangelist Bates of the Methodist Episcopal Church, women from the various missions and rescue homes, Secretary Shelton of the C. H. M. S., and a score or two of pastors, young and old, liberal and conservative, pietists and sociologists, of our Congregational churches, some present being those you would least have expected and some of those absent those whom you most certainly would have predicted as willing to co-operate.

A brass band arrayed in scarlet and a company of motley folk singing hymns and darting to the sidewalk to accost pedestrians or to enter saloons, shops and places of amusement, do not get very far on their way before they have become objects of considerable curiosity; and if the band had only been less zealous and had struck a slower gait, the number of people personally reached and brought to the hall would have been larger. There was some "guying," but no insults. Astonishment and courtesy were the states of mind displayed oftener than others, as the missionaries went on their way, singing hymns, and sowing their invitations, in personal words or by the printed slip.

It would be difficult to estimate just how many were brought back to the Temple march-

ing in the procession. More came quietly as the result of the invitations received, so that when, between 9 and 10 P. M., the band, the lassies and laddies of the army and the volunteer army of pastors, secretaries, laymen and mission workers returned to the hall, they and those whom they had reached soon packed



Mr. Dawson from a picture taken during his stay in Boston

every seat and foot of standing room on the floor, and had to overflow in the galleries above, which ere long also became crowded.

During the interim while the missionaries were on the streets, Rev. A. P. Fitch of the Mt. Vernon Church had been preaching a vigorous gospel message to the people in the galleries, and the street crowd marched in to the homiletical accompaniment of his searching words. Then came a ringing, faithful gospel talk by Rev. J. H. Denison of Central Church, on Jesus, the Lamb of God Who Takes Away the Sins of the World; singing of favorite hymns like Nearer, My God, to Thee followed; and at 10 P. M. Mr. Dawson came in, tired from a talk at Quincy, but ardent for the chance to speak to a more varied congregation of folk, with fewer saints and more sinners than most of his congregations while in Boston.

It was a mixed crowd he faced, and he handled it well, resorting to quite a different phraseology and method from that used at Park Street, and adapting his message to the evangelistic rather than the revival ideal. His line of thought is given elsewhere.

It led to men and women, youths and boys rising in all parts of the house as soon as the opportunity was given by him to make their spiritual desires known. At once pastors, expert Christian workers and the Salvation Army soldiers were out among the people, accosting those who had risen, leading them to the inquiry-rooms at the side of the platform, or talking with them where they were. The old tales of backsliding, of drunkenness, of loss of virtue, of wandering from home and from parents' love were all reheard; and the sight of the inquiry-room crowded with penitents and helpers, and their murmur of confession and prayer, will not soon be forgotten.

If the enterprise were to be conducted again, improvements in details of administration of the parade could be effected. There were too many spectator-saints present, who got no particular blessing themselves and overawed sinners who may have been stirred but were afraid to make it known. But after all is said, the fact remains that the meeting demonstrated the existence among us of a deeper devotion to the realities of religion than had been suspected, a greater willingness to serve even if in unwonted ways, and a fundamental unity of purpose among folks of very divergent theologies. The fine representation of the younger clergy, men with a modern theory of religion, but old essence vitally held; the effective evangelistic talks of new Back Bay pastors; the participation of denominational officials and educators, dignified and by tradition remote from the evangelistic habit—all these are suggestive aspects of the incident from the standpoint of those who marched and preached and testified in the inquiry-rooms. From the standpoint of the world that was invited in, the gospel seems to be a somewhat more democratic, "good news" sort of thing, to be heard on the street corners as an evangel.

Mr. Dawson's Words to the Men Gathered from the Streets

The reason why we have sought you tonight is that Christ has taught us to love our brother. We can't be happy while other men are miserable, and I am here to speak to you as Christ's ambassador.

Turn from your sin! Tonight make up your mind to lead a new life, no matter how black the past has been, and power will come to you. I am sure that there is a voice deep down in your heart that calls you to the good, like the bell of a submerged church. There come back to you the old prayers you learned at your mother's knee, the old songs. You are discontented with your lives. I never knew a man who was happy in sin. But whatever sort of life you are living you

can get cleansed of your sin. I have had much to do with meetings like this. I have seen as many as seven hundred men present, most of them under the influence of drink. What did we do with them? First we sang the drink out of them so that at the close one hundred gave themselves to Christ. We have taken women out of the black pit of shame, and they are speaking today for Jesus Christ. There is One here tonight who has paid your debt, who is ready to give you a new life.

I don't know that there's ever been a meeting like this in this place. This is a great opportunity, my brother; don't let the chance slip. Don't simply feel bad about your sins but make up your mind to start afresh. Then you will go out into the dark street and there will be One beside you and he will put his hand upon you.

Now I'm going to ask you to bow your heads and think what you are going to do about this great matter. My friend, Hugh Price Hughes, when a lad of thirteen, standing upon the seashore was so impressed by the authority and glory of Christ that he looked up into the blue and said, "O Christ, I submit to thee." And may God help you so to do.

The Last Noon Meeting for Men Only

Strains of "Crown him Lord of all" are rolling out of Park Street auditorium as we enter at ten minutes of twelve. Ushers and committee men who have been on daily duty for ten days are ready with their greetings, and seats are available, though fifteen minutes later they were practically all occupied. The gray heads and bald heads belonging to pillars of local churches are still numerous, as they have been from the start of these noon meetings, but there is a noticeable admixture of young men and of men whose faces and garbs proclaim them not habitual attendants on church. Perhaps some were gathered in by last night's procession and have come to gain more help for the new life. Two boys in a pew across the aisle—evidently street gamins—with an older lad, are gazing intently on the platform.

Mr. Dawson returns the gaze of hundreds of eyes as he sits on the pulpit couch. He seems to be studying his audience, not thinking of his sermon. He is looking in particular for the lost sheep. Promptly at twelve Mr. A. S. Lovett, the presiding layman for the day, introduces Dr. F. A. Noble to conduct the devotional service. He reads the parable of the rich man who planned to pull down his barns and build greater, which parable Mr. Dawson presently says ought to be called the Parable of the Man Who Miscalculated. Dr. Noble's prayer is brief, direct, tender. One petition is, "Make us wise, but make us also courageous; make us submissive to the will of God, but make us to know that the will of God leads us on to activity." Then come several stanzas of "When I survey the wondrous cross," and the grand old hymn, sung by hundreds of men's voices, rings out impressively.

Mr. Dawson as he rises to preach shows no trace of weariness due to the fortnight's strain of constant speaking. His first words express his profound gratitude for the demonstration of last evening. He comments on the courteous reception from saloon-keepers and says he has always found it so. The occasion he hopes marked the birth of a new spirit of endeavor for the salvation of the lost. The tragedy of drunkenness and of broken lives came to light in the inquiry-room at Tremont Temple last night.

He takes for his text the words in 2 Sam. 24: 13, "Now advise, and see what answer I shall return to him that sent me." He treats his subject parabolically. He tells us that the prophets which speak today are life itself, with its successive periods, its mysteries and its diversified experiences; conscience, which reveals a man to himself; and the prophet of

redemption, which offers help and comfort to all. The final words of Mr. Dawson are solemn and personal. He says he is preaching for a verdict. He asks what answer he shall return to the Master whose message he bears.

Heads are bowed now for the closing moments of consecration and dedication. In response to the request that any who want to begin the new life signify it, men are rising here and there, an old man, a young man, a well-dressed man in middle life, a man plainly in humble circumstances. Six, eight, ten, a dozen are on their feet in different parts of the house. "Thank you" and "I see you," says Mr. Dawson, softly, tenderly to one after another, his sweet smile lighting his face and encouraging the timid. "Why is it harder for you to stand up here than in Tremont Temple?" he asks. "It ought not to be." Then without prolonging his persuasions unduly he closes the service with prayer and benediction. But a number of seekers for the new life remain and workers are busy with individuals in pew and corridor, while the main audience streams out into the street and back to counter, shop and office quickened and strengthened by this service at high noon for the tasks and responsibilities of Christian living.

The Final Meeting in Tremont Temple

Another eager company is assembling at noon in the heart of Boston, but this time it is Tremont Temple toward which feet are turned and women as well as men are hurrying up the stairs for the announcement, twenty-four hours ago, that the final Dawson meeting of the fortnight would be in a great auditorium and open to every one has brought people from all parts of the metropolitan district. An anticipation evidently prevails of a climax worthy of previous days and scenes.

Shortly every seat on the floor and in the two balconies is occupied and still they press in until along every wall is a continuous fringe of humanity, two, three, four deep. It is a larger audience than on Monday evening when Dr. Hillis and Mr. Dawson both spoke, and the "street" is better represented. And see the young men crowding in, too.

Mr. S. C. Darling, who presides, gives out the hymn, "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned," and after it is sung Dr. Plumb offers prayer. He thanks God for the harmony that has marked the meetings, that men of different shades of religious belief have united in their support, that laymen have given so generously of their time in superintending the campaign, that it has been so free from fanatical extremes, and he prays that the work may go on in homes, in the churches and the community.

Mr. Dawson is speaking now. Earnest as he has been before there is an added intensity today. The noble audience has inspired him and he is preaching for a verdict. His tones are persuasive, almost plaintive and yet never is the note of sincerity wanting. He is making considerable use of the interrogative form of discourse and over and again he asks: "To whom will you go?" "What is the alternative?" He is massing his arguments and his illustrations all to the one end of exalting Christ. Significant is his expression of gratitude for the words of sympathy from other religious bodies: "I well remember the effect which Channing's sermon on The Love of Christ had on me when I read it years ago. We are finding the pivotal point where we can stand together, and that is the acknowledgment of Christ as our Master in the service of the world."

The sermon ends, but the preacher's voice goes on in prayer, and these are his simple, tender petitions:

Lord receive these vows. Take back the recreant among us. Touch the young ruler, the youth of pure and chaste life who has kept the Commandments and yet has not

known how to give his life to thee. Touch the sinner furthest from thee, the man and woman who have gone far from thee. May they submit to be found today. May they let the Shepherd take them back to the fold. Cleanse our lips of all names save that of Christ. If there is darkness on any spirit, help us in the darkness and through the darkness to come to thee. May each of us be used to make the name of Jesus known in the fullness of his salvation throughout this land.

(For the full text of the sermon on this occasion see page 323.)

At Brockton

The coming of Mr. Dawson to Brockton to reach the western half of the Norfolk Conference has been anticipated with keen expectation and careful preparations in that city and in the dozen or more churches within a trolley radius of eight miles. His service on Feb. 28 was made the beginning of a two-weeks' series of meetings in Brockton, the burden of the preaching falling upon suburban pastors; to be followed by group-meetings combining two, three or four churches, at which the Brockton pastors are to assist. A preliminary service, Tuesday afternoon, led by Rev. A. F. Pierce, revealed a tender and earnest spirit. An hour before the time for evening service delegations from neighboring towns began to gather at Porter Church and fill the galleries which had been reserved for them, nearly a hundred coming in a special car from Rockland and similar groups from other churches. The large auditorium was filled, the Boys' Brigade from First Church being grouped upon the pulpit stairs and the platform below. The consecration service following held more than half the congregation in their places; and its effects are already manifest to pastors in the deepened interest of Christian workers.

All later services have been held in First Church, whose parlors are offered for the entertainment of all who stay from the afternoon to the evening services. Rev. W. H. Allbright preached March 1, and Rev. Daniel Evans March 2. The series will include four afternoon and five evening services, closing March 10, nine neighboring pastors assisting.

The impression of the Welsh revival and the Dawson campaign is by no means limited to those attending public services. In one church a bedridden invalid has procured a large number of copies of the Pilgrim Press booklet telling of the movement in Wales, also copies of the Evangelistic Number of *The Congregationalist*, and writing upon each, "Please read this and lend it," has sent them to pastors in the town, asking their help in the widest possible distribution. J. L. S.

At Quincy

Preparation had been made for delegations from more than thirty churches. Fully 1,000 adults crowded Bethany Church and three times as many would have attended the service had the auditorium permitted. It was a splendid religious demonstration every way and has left a deep and, we believe, lasting impression upon the city and surrounding towns. The sermon was admirably adapted to the character of the audience, who listened with intense interest to Mr. Dawson's appeals for the crucifixion of the self-life and the supremacy of the spirit-life. At the close of the service almost the entire congregation rose in a public act of reconsecration. Among those who thus signified the desire for the higher life were not a few who hitherto have failed to identify themselves with the things of Christ and the Church. In this community there is an unusual and encouraging spirit of inquiry concerning the Christian life among those unidentified with the Church, the sure promise of better things to come. Christian workers are awakening from spiritual lethargy and engaging more and more in personal work. Twenty-five, largely on confession, have united with Bethany Church alone at the last

two communions, and other churches are being similarly blessed. E. N. H.

From the Sermons

You may have an acute sense of your neighbor's sin, but none of your own.

The man who fills me with despair is the man who won't know the truth about himself.

It is a tremendous business to live. To have lived carelessly is a crime; to have lived wickedly is insanity.

Passing Comment

Evidently the reporters of the daily press liked and respected this kind of evangelism.

The "Gideons," those zealous Christian traveling men, did fine work in the inquiry-rooms.

A professor in English in a prominent educational institution near Boston advised his pupils to hear Mr. Dawson for the sake of listening to his pure English.

Speaking of results, some bright high school boys who heard Mr. Dawson tell about the splendid philanthropic work of a group of English lads went the next day to one of their instructors and asked what they could do in a similar way.

Mr. Dawson's Itinerary for March

(Subject to Slight Revision)

March 8 and 9. Tompkins Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

March 12, Sunday. Providence, R. I.

March 13 and 14. Bridgeport, Ct.

March 16 and 17. Montclair, N. J.

March 19 and 20. New York.

March 21. Young Men's Christian Associations of the city of New York. Conference with secretaries. Meeting in the evening of representative laymen of the city of New York.

March 23 and 24. Broadway Tabernacle.

March 26 and 27. Binghamton, New York.

March 28 and 29. Buffalo, N. Y.

March 30. Meadville, Pa.

In and Around Boston

Old South Lenten Course

The annual Lenten course of Sunday evening discourses this year will be of an interesting and varied nature, the general theme being Vocation and Religion. Beginning with March 12, and continuing until April 16, President Tucker will speak on The Religion of an Educator; H. W. Mabie, The Religion of a Man of Letters; Justice D. J. Brewer, United States Supreme Court, The Religion of a Jurist; Dr. D. W. Cheever, The Religion of a Physician; Prof. George H. Palmer of Harvard, The Religion of a Philosopher; and Prof. A. J. Dubois of Yale, The Religion of a Scientist.

A Waymark in a Fruitful Pastorate

Among pastors who have given large service to the interests of the churches in Greater Boston is Rev. S. C. Bushnell, who has now completed fifteen years of his pastorate at Arlington. His people made the anniversary an occasion for expressing their appreciation by surprising him at the monthly social last week not only with an attendance of 300 persons but with a gift of a gold Swiss repeater watch, chain and charm, and a pearl brooch to Mrs. Bushnell. If an expression could be made of the value of Mr. Bushnell's constantly increasing service to our denomination, it would include the voices of many pastors and churches.

Ministers as Athletes

The growing sympathy and participation of the ministry in lay activities are illustrated by two recent events. One is the establishment of a gymnasium in the basement of Maverick Church, East Boston, by its pastor, Rev. Paul Rader, himself an expert football

player; the other is a feat of Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, pastor of Berkeley Temple, who jumped upon the rear of a runaway grocery team, crawled through and out upon the shafts, secured the reins and stopped the horses, thereby probably saving the life of the only other occupant, a helpless child. Both these alert and athletic young clergymen have been students in Boston University.

The Ministers' Meeting

Rev. E. W. Bishop, pastor of the largest Congregational church in Concord, N. H., the cradle of Christian Science, gave an interesting résumé of his experiences in connection with this belief, and analyzed its strength and its weakness. The address was in substantial accord with his article in our issue of Oct. 8, 1904.

Town Services in Amherst

"A series held by the townspeople in the Town Hall on three Sunday evenings during the winter of 1904-05."

This heading from the first page of the printed order of service indicates the unique character of these religious assemblies. An editorial paragraph in *The Congregationalist*, a year or more ago, called attention to last winter's course. The continuance of the plan through a second season may warrant a fuller account of its working, for the spirit of the times makes every hopeful attempt at religious union of more than local interest.

The impulse toward these services was felt after the success of a Sunday night meeting held in connection with an Old Home Week observance in July, 1903. The next autumn the pastors' association of the town, with the formal approval of some of the churches, undertook the conduct of a series of meetings along the line that had been found profitable in the trial of a single evening. It was agreed they should not be union services, by a combination of churches many or few, but town services, formed on the broad basis of citizenship in a Christian community.

A petition, signed by the minister of every church in town (Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, Unitarian, Roman Catholic), was presented to the selectmen asking for the free use of the Town Hall, and was promptly granted. Professor Bigelow, head of the department of music in Amherst College, was asked to direct the music, and to bring with him, so far as possible, the chorus and orchestra he had organized for oratorio work. This request also met with generous response. And so we were ready to begin.

The order of service has been simple, and substantially the same each evening: four or five congregational hymns nobly sung, with adequate leading, a brief responsive psalm, one prayer, an offering to provide for the printing of the order of service and two, sometimes three, addresses of from ten to fifteen minutes in length.

Of necessity the themes of the services have been general and broadly religious; they have been chosen and worked out with the needs of this particular community in mind: The Town and the Citizen, the responsibility of each for the other; Neighborliness, between

individuals and between town and college; Liberty and Authority, from the standpoint of the community, the home, the school and the church; Our Boys, what's wrong, who's to blame, what can we do; Reverence, the lack of it, the remedy. The speakers have been four professors (two from each college), a physician, the Catholic priest, the superintendent of schools, a lawyer, the principal of the high school and one other citizen. Various ministers of the town and President Harris have presided on the several evenings and have also spoken on the topic.

The attendance has been invariably large; the hall seats about eight hundred and has usually been crowded. Popular interest was caught at the start and the enthusiasm seems unflagging. Held at intervals of two months and with but three gatherings each winter, it looks as though these town services might be maintained indefinitely, with sufficient variety in the exercises, themes and speakers.

The results of the services can never be directly or exactly measured. But some influences are clear. They tend to bind together the people of a town peculiarly liable to be cut up into sections and cliques; they make for the exalting of religion as a vital force in citizenship; they quicken to sensitiveness the civic conscience and incline an entire community to join in Christian worship. The meetings have become a feature of Amherst life; it would be hard now to stop them.

W. E. S.

Literature of the Campaign

(Continued from page 333.)

churches; (3) By seeking through conversations and personal invitations to interest others in the supreme moral and spiritual issues involved in a religious awakening, and to bring them with ourselves to clear Christian decision; (4) By any possible inquiry to find and to report to the pastors any persons or families whom they or others might advantageously visit; (5) By personal presence to help, and to receive help from, such special services or union meetings as it may be deemed advisable to appoint.

In addressing this appeal to our churches all together as one body, we wish thereby to express and to signify our own fellowship in faith and service as one ministry. We send this pastoral letter, each pastor to all the churches, in one faith, one hope, and one baptism of the Spirit.

Signed by sixteen Congregational pastors in New Haven.

A Greeting to New Converts

The receipt of the card you recently signed, expressing your wish to lead the Christian life, gave me a great deal of happiness. At the close of any service will you be so kind as to speak to me? I want to tell you personally of the gladness of heart your confession gave me. WILLIAM HORACE DAY.

(For other evangelistic news see page 338.)

Reports of revivals are becoming a regular department in many religious newspapers. This is one kind of evidence of the rising tide of spiritual life that can be tabulated.

Adds wholesomeness to the food.

Cleveland's

Baking Powder

Makes the cake keep moist and fresh.

Our Readers' Forum

The Correct Version

A paragraph in *The Congregationalist*, Dec. 10, states that the editors of the new edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern, a hymnal of the Church of England, have altered Charles Wesley's famous hymn, "Hark, the herald angels sing!" so as to read, "Hark, how all the welkin rings!" and also states that indignant remonstrants (in England) are making the welkin ring, etc.

Permit me to call attention to the fact that the editors are right and the remonstrants wrong. The editors have restored the original form of the hymn. Not improbably, they may have restored not only the first line, but other phrases of Wesley's that menders or tinkers have altered. Those who are interested in the history of these changes will find it in Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology, pp. 487-8. The hymn was written in 1739, and therefore was one of the earliest of Wesley's hymns. The alteration now erroneously commended first appeared in G. Whitefield's Collection, 1753, No. 31. Wesley wrote ten stanzas, and the hymn is seldom published verbatim.

Cambridge, Mass.

JAMES H. ROSS.

Is It a Christian Science Revision

I have just read an article, *The Optimism of Christian Science*, by Alfred Farlow, in which he writes, "Jesus declared, 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.' Did Jesus or Paul so declare? He also writes, 'Thanks to Christian Science, we are learning what the Psalmist meant when he declared, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' Did the Psalmist or the prophet Isaiah so declare?"

J. L. JENKINS.

Y. M. C. A. workers at the front with the Japanese army in Manchuria have made their greatest hit, not with their stationery, or phonographs, or magazines, valued as these are, but with the portable bath-tubs which the soldiers may use. This is certainly skillful adaptation of means to end.

Meetings and Events to Come

BOSTON EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, Park Street Church, March 13, 10.30 A. M. Subject, Evangelism; speakers, Drs. Alexander McKenzie and L. L. Henson.

CONGREGATIONAL CONGRESS, Atlanta, Ga., April 29-May 7.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, Pilgrim Hall, meetings every Friday, 11 A. M.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON BIBLE CLASS, Park Street Church, every Saturday, 2.30 P. M. Leader, Rev. W. T. McElveen.

Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

FEAREY-EASTMAN-In Albany, N. Y., Feb. 23, by Rev. William R. Eastman, father of the bride, Malcolm Philaud Fearey and Margaret Eastman.

MARSHALL-EDWARDS-Feb. 14, by Rev. W. A. Bartlett, D. D., John Knox Marshall of Corey Hill, Brookline, Mass., and Anna E. Edwards of San Diego, Cal., formerly of Brookline.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

HOLT-In Andover, Feb. 22, P. Elizabeth, daughter of the late Deacon Solomon Holt, aged 69 yrs.

STONE-In Chelsea, Mass., March 1, Lucy W., widow of Benjamin F. Stone, and mother of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary; aged 93 yrs.

TAPPAN-In Northampton, Mass., Feb. 21, Anna Winthrop Tappan, daughter of the late Rev. Benjamin Tappan, D. D., of Augusta, Me.

REV. SAMUEL W. EATON, D. D.

Upon Thursday, Feb. 9, Rev. Samuel W. Eaton, D. D., passed to the heavenly home from the home of his son, Samuel L. Eaton, M. D., at Newton Highlands, Mass. Dr. Eaton was born in Framingham, Mass., Dec. 25, 1820. He was the son of Deacon Eben Eaton, who for over fifty years was deacon of Plymouth Church in that city.

Mrs. Eaton preceded her husband by about a year, passing to her reward from the home of their son, Pres. E. D. Eaton, D. D., of Beloit, Feb. 23, 1904. The other children are Rev. James D. Eaton, D. D., a missionary of the American Board in Chihuahua, Mexico, and Charles W. Eaton, M. D., of Des Moines, Io. Dr. Eaton's

body was taken to Lancaster for interment beside the body of his wife in the old home cemetery.

Dr. Eaton was graduated from Yale College in 1846, and studied theology at Yale, Union and Andover Seminaries. He settled at Lancaster, Wis., in the lead-mining region of the new Wisconsin, then in the far West in 1846, taking his bride to the place the following season. For forty years they lived and served for one of the most remarkable pastorates of the country, followed by another notable pastorate of sixteen years at Roscoe, Ill. They were then persuaded to rest awhile in the home of their son, President Eaton of Beloit. From 1862-65 Dr. Eaton was chaplain of the Seventh Wisconsin Volunteers, "The Iron Brigade." Here he won distinction for bravery and devotion to the soldiers, whose affection for him was unbounded.

He was a corporate member of the American Board. From 1866 he was a trustee of Beloit College. In local and state gatherings he was recognized as a wise leader, never self-assertive, but always with a marked influence for harmony and spiritual aggressiveness.

Dr. Eaton was a rare combination of sweetness and strength, modest, charitable, genial, lovable and noble. His wisdom was from above. "His gentleness hath made me great." In him mercy and truth met together; righteousness and peace kissed each other. H. W. C.

ELIZA MARIA HIGLEY

On Friday morning, Feb. 24, 1905, at the Chapin Washington, D. C., Eliza Maria, daughter of the late Jonathan B. Condit, D. D., and wife of Henry P. Higley, D. D. Her many sweet and attractive qualities of character drew about her an ever increasing circle of devoted and admiring friends. After marriage in Auburn, N. Y., her home was for twenty-five years in Beloit, Wis., where, until health failed, she met, with untiring fidelity, the duties of a pastor's wife. For many years an invalid, watched over and cared for by a husband whose rare devotion was beautiful to see, she still lived a brave and cheerful and useful life. Her marked unselfishness which meant constant thoughtfulness for others, her deep and sympathetic interest in the outer life from which she was shut in, her submissive will and unflinching faith, were assuring evidence of a Christian character which in weakness was made strong.

DEACON JESSE NICHOLS HARD

A rare spirit passed from earth to heaven when Deacon Hard breathed his last in Manchester, Vt., on the morning of Feb. 22. Born in that town fifty-seven years ago; actively engaged in business for nearly thirty-five years; thoroughly interested in everything that touches the better life of man; a pillar in the church where he was a deacon for many years, as his father was before him; a friend and helper to every one; the soul of honor and integrity, and yet possessing a tenderness and thoughtful sympathy for young and old that greatly endeared him to all—he has left a place that cannot easily be filled, but also a blessed memory that will ever be an inspiration to all who knew him. Many who have spent their summers in that beautiful village will hear of his death with genuine sorrow.

J. B.

Purify Your Blood

The cause of all pimples, boils and other eruptions, as well as of that tired feeling and poor appetite, which are so common at this season, is impure blood—blood that is diseased and impoverished by humors, morbid or effete matters, which should be gotten rid of without delay.

The best way to purify the blood, as thousands know, is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills.

World-wide experience confirms the statement that these great medicines make the blood pure and rich, clear the complexion, remove that tired feeling, improve the appetite, build up the whole system, and form in combination the ideal Blood Medicine.

Accept no substitutes for

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

No substitutes act like them. Insist on having Hood's.

OF REFINEMENT

Ruskin declared that no man can be really appreciated but by his equal or superior. His inferior will always misjudge him.

It is equally true that an artistic piece of furniture can be appreciated only by an artistic person. Hence the number of persons to whom this Buffet will appeal is limited. It is a refined design, and it appeals to a refined taste. Artists, architects, collectors, painters and connoisseurs will admire its lines; to them we present it.

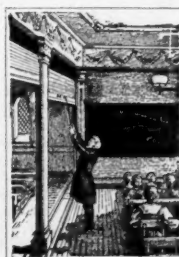
The top is 56 inches long by 18 inches wide; it stands 41 inches from the floor. The quadrant compartments are spacious. There is a locked silver drawer and a double-depth drawer for linen. Guarded gallery; easy casters; brass handles; weathered finish.

Price \$25.00

PAINE FURNITURE CO.

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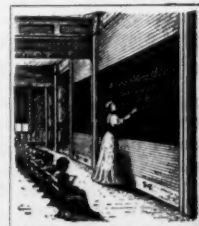


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I should be used daily if you value your health.

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booklet, "Tooth Truths." FLORENCE MFG. CO., 215 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Church and Ministerial Record

Calls

ALLINGHAM, ROB'T, Lamont, Mich., to Bridgman and Baroda.
 BINGHAM, CHAS. M., Daytona, Fla., to Ridgeway and Waldron, Okl.
 DONALDSON, LEVI J., Demorest, Ga., to Weymouth, O. Accepts.
 DYER, THOS. L., to remain another year at Dunkirk, Ind., at an increased salary.
 FLETCHER, WM., Aitkin, Minn., to Big Lake.
 HACK, ROLLIN T., recently of Second Ch., Portland, Me., declines call to Hammond St. Ch., Bangor.
 HARE, ALFRED W., First Ch., Fresno, Cal., to Santa Cruz.
 HOLBROOK, IRA A., Sioux Rapids, Io., to West Ch., Guthrie, Okl. Accepts.
 JENKINS, JOHN J., formerly of Taylor, Pa., but more recently of Blossburg, to Brookfield, O., where he was pastor at its organization in 1865. Accepts, and is at work.
 KELLER, CHAS. E., Zanesville, O., to Centennial, Coolville and Ireland. Accepts.
 MCKINNON, NORMAN, Augusta, Me., to S. Paris. Declines.
 MCWHORTER, ANDREW T., Union, Me., declines call to Standish and Sebago Lake.
 MOHR, CHAS. A., New York, N. Y., to Marblehead, O. Accepts, and is at work.
 MOODY, E. J., to El Reno, Okl.
 REED, ARTHUR T., Twinsburg, O., to Pilgrim Ch., Madison, Wis.
 RURING, VICTOR H., Deadwood, S. D., to David City, Neb. Accepts, and is at work.
 SECOR, SAM'L H., Weatherford, Okl., to Gage. Accepts.
 SILCOX, JOHN B., Lansing, Mich., to Bond St. Ch., Toronto.
 STAUFFER, J. H. (M. E.), Buffalo, N. Y., does not accept call to Bond St. Ch., Toronto.
 TILLITT, BARTON C., Bondurant, Io., to Baxter.
 TODD, WM. E., Waukomis, Okl., to Drummond. Accepts.
 TRAVERS, ROB'T M., Wymore, Neb., to Waukomis, Okl.
 TURNER, LEONARD A., Oklahoma City, Okl., to Wellston. Accepts.
 UPSHAW, WM. L., Hobart, Okl., to Hydro. Accepts, and is at work.
 VARLEY, ARTHUR, Winslow, Me., to Yarmouth, Mass. Accepts.
 YORK, FRED'K E., Moline, Mich., to Eagle Grove, Io.

Ordinations and Installations

CADY, GEO. L., i. First Ch., Dubuque, Io. Sermon, Dr. J. F. Loba; other parts, Drs. D. F. Bradley, T. O. Douglas, F. N. White, F. W. Hodgdon and Rev. Messrs. H. W. Tuttle, J. P. Huggett and F. G. Smith.
 CLARK, GRANT V., o. Tomahawk, Wis., Feb. 23. Paris, Rev. Messrs. P. H. Ralph, O. L. Robinson, C. J. Jensen and Dr. H. W. Carter.
 REID, JOHN, i. Franklin, Mass., March 2. Sermon, Dr. Dan'l Merriman; other parts, Rev. Messrs. G. R. Hewitt, F. A. Everett, G. A. Andrews,

EASY CHANGE

When Coffee Is Doing Harm.

A lady writes from the land of cotton of the results of a four years' use of the food beverage—hot Postum Coffee:

"Ever since I can remember we had used coffee three times a day. It had a more or less injurious effect upon us all, and I myself suffered almost death from indigestion and nervousness caused by it. I know it was that, because when I would leave it off for a few days I would feel better. But it was hard to give it up, even though I realized how harmful it was to me.

"At last I found a perfectly easy way to make the change. Four years ago I abandoned the coffee habit and began to drink Postum, and I also influenced the rest of the family to do the same. Even the children are allowed to drink it freely as they do water. And it has done us all great good. I no longer suffer from indigestion, and my nerves are in admirable tone since I began to use Postum Coffee. We never use the old coffee any more. We appreciate Postum as a delightful and healthful beverage, which not only invigorates but supplies the best of nourishment as well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

A. W. Hitchcock, Webster Woodbury, G. W. Miner and Dr. F. A. Warfield.
 SAWYER, ROLAND D., i. Ward Hill Ch., Haverhill, Mass. Sermon, Dr. A. H. Plumb; other parts, Rev. Messrs. C. M. Clark, G. L. Gleason, E. W. Dunbar, Joseph Kimball, W. F. Low and E. S. Stackpole.

WILLIAMS, WALTER B., o. and i. Boxford, Mass., March 1. Sermon, Prof. J. W. Platner; other parts, Rev. Messrs. J. H. Dale, P. C. Grant, W. G. Poor and W. E. Wolcott and Drs. E. Y. Hincks, D. S. Clark and A. A. Berle.

Resignations

BROOKS, WILLARD H., Wellston, Okl.
 BROWN, WM. M., Bloomfield, Ct., to take effect June 1, after nine years' service.
 FOWLER, WM. C., Genesee, Ida., and will engage in insurance business.
 HUNTER, HAMILTON D., Cherokee, Io., after three years' service.
 JONES, ABRAM, Vaughnsville, O., to take effect April 1, after four years' service.
 KINGSBURY, NATHANIEL, Lake View and San Jacinto, Cal., because of uncertain health.
 MCNEIL, ALBERT W., Garden Prairie, Io.
 TEEL, WM. H., Vernon Center, Ct., after five years' service.
 TILLITT, BARTON C., Bondurant and Linn Grove, Io. Took effect March 1, after three years' service.
 VARLEY, ARTHUR, Winslow, Me., after three years' service.

Stated Supplies

HADLOCK, EDWIN H., formerly of Springfield, Mass., at English Lutheran Ch., San Francisco, Cal., for three months.
 MCQUAERIE, NEIL, at Weatherford, Okl., for six weeks.
 ROSEN, J. F. (M. E.), at Seward, Okl.

Personals

BADE, WM. F., one of the recently inaugurated professors at Pacific Sem., will spend several months this spring and summer in study at Berlin and Paris.
 GLEASON, CHAS. A., West Point, Neb., has been voted an increase of \$150 in salary, the change to date from last September.
 HALL, WM. H., for a long time secretary of the Connecticut S. S. Ass'n, who recently resigned as superintendent of the W. Hartford Sunday school, has been given \$40 in gold in recognition of his valued service.
 JOHNSON, AUGUSTUS R., Sunday school missionary in Idaho, underwent, on Feb. 14, a surgical operation which will detain him from service for a short time.
 JOHNSON, JAS. G., and wife, of Farmington, Ct., are about to spend several weeks in Mexico. Prof. C. M. Geer of Hartford Sem. will supply the pulpit during Mr. Johnson's absence.
 KINGSBURY, NATHANIEL, whose health has made it necessary for him to give up work at San Jacinto and Lake View, Cal., and return East, was given a substantial sum of money at a farewell reception.
 WILLIAMS, WM., Mt. Carmel, Pa., received a purse of gold from the Ladies' Aid Soc. on a recent birthday.

February Receipts of the A. M. A.

	1904	1905
Donations,	\$13,175.64	\$12,698.76
Estates,	5,492.34	8,345.03
Tuition,	7,130.17	6,591.09
Total,	\$25,798.15	\$27,634.88
5 mos. 1904		5 mos. 1905
Donations,	\$67,176.37	\$68,097.74
Estates,	36,389.62	37,395.79
Tuition,	27,830.49	28,540.47
Total,	\$131,996.48	\$134,034.00

An increase in donations of \$921.37 and in estates for current work of \$406.17, and in tuition of \$709.98, making a total increase of \$2,037.52 for the five months ending Feb. 28.

Closing Pastorates

SMART, WM. S., Brandon, Vt. His resignation brings to a close a strong and gracious ministry of 44 years, just half of it spent in Vermont. During 64 years at Benson he served as chaplain of the 14th Regt. Vt. Volunteers in the Civil War; then for 22 years at Albany, N. Y., and now for 15 years at Brandon. With a logical mind, trained for the legal profession, he has been a preacher of unusual freshness of thought and attractiveness of expression. A corporate member of the A. B. C. F. M. and a trustee of Middlebury College, he has rendered good service to the larger interests of the kingdom so far as his strength would permit. C. H. S.

Dedications

WASEON, O., Rev. F. E. Kenyon. New church edifice dedicated Feb. 12, President King of Oberlin Coll. preaching the sermon. Cost, about \$15,000.

Local Revival Interest

CANOVA, S. D., Rev. H. G. Adams. A successful two weeks' series of revival meetings, conducted

Continued on page 339.



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THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY. Fourth Ave. and 22nd St., New York, N. Y. Mr. William B. Howland, Treasurer, to whom donations and subscriptions and all correspondence relating to estates and annuities should be addressed. Rev. Joseph B. Clark, D. D., Editorial Secretary; Rev. Washington Choate, D. D., Corresponding Secretary; Don O. Shelton, Associate Secretary; Rev. R. A. Beard, D. D., Eastern Representative. Room 306 Congregational House, Boston.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION. Fourth Ave. and Twenty-second St., New York. Missions in the United States, evangelistic and educational at the South and in the West, among the Indians and Chinese. Boston office, 615 Congregational House; Chicago office, 163 La Salle St. Donations may be sent to either of the above offices, or to H. W. Hubbard, Treasurer, Fourth Ave. and Twenty-second St., New York City.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY. Aids in building churches and parsonages. Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., Secretary; Rev. L. H. Cobb, D. D., Secretary Emeritus; Charles E. Hope, Treasurer. 106 East 22nd St., New York, N. Y. Rev. C. H. Taintor, 151 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. G. A. Hoed, Congregational House, Boston, Mass.; Rev. H. H. Wilcott, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, Cal., Field Secretaries.

CONGREGATIONAL EDUCATION SOCIETY (including former New West Education Commission). Scholarships for students for the ministry. Twenty-seven Congregational Colleges and Academies in seventeen states. Thirteen Christian schools in Utah and New Mexico. Edward S. Tead, Corresponding Secretary; S. F. Wilkins, Treasurer. Offices, 612, 613 Congregational House, Boston; 151 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

THE CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY. Congregational House, Boston, Willard Scott, D. D., President; Geo. M. Boynton, D. D., Secretary and Treasurer.

The *Missionary Department*, which is in charge of the Secretary, sustains Sunday school missionaries, furnishes lesson helps, libraries and other necessary literature to new and needy schools gratuitously, or at reduced cost. The administrative expenses of this department are wholly defrayed by appropriations from the Business Department. All contributions from churches, Sunday schools and individuals go directly for missionary work. W. A. Duncan, Ph. D., is Field Secretary and Rev. F. J. Marsh, is New England Superintendent for this department.

The *Business Department*, in charge of the Business Manager, and known in the trade as the Pilgrim Press, publishes *The Congregationalist* and *Christian World*, the Pilgrim series of Lesson Helps and Sunday school papers, books for Sunday school and home reading. Records and Requisites for churches and Sunday schools, and sells the books of all other publishers as well as its own. Its treasury is entirely separate from that of the Missionary Department to which, however, it makes annual appropriations. Orders for books and subscriptions for periodicals from Ohio and all states east should be sent to the Business Manager, J. H. Tewksbury, at Boston, and from the Interior and Western states to the Chicago Agency at 175 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NATIONAL COUNCIL MINISTERIAL RELIEF FUND. (Corporate name "Trustees of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States.") Helps needy Congregational ministers or their widows. Request donations for Permanent Fund and current use, from churches, individuals and by bequest. President, Rev. H. A. Stimson, D. D.; Secretary, Rev. Wm. A. Rice, D. D., Fourth Ave., and 22nd St., N. Y.; Treasurer, Rev. Samuel B. Forbes, 204 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Ct.

BOSTON SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated 1828. President, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D.; Treasurer, Geo. Gould; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. C. P. Osborne, Room 601 Congregational House, Boston. A Congregational society devoted to the material, social, moral and religious welfare of seamen of all nations, and supported mainly by the churches of New England. Bequests should be made payable to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. Contributions from churches and individuals solicited.

Massachusetts and Boston

THE MASSACHUSETTS HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY. No. 609 Congregational House, Rev. F. E. Emrich, D. D., Secretary; Rev. Joshua Colt, Treasurer.

THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF PASTORAL SUPPLY. Established by the Massachusetts General Association, offers its services to churches desiring pastors or pulpit supplies in Massachusetts and in other States. Room 610 Congregational House, Boston. Rev. Charles B. Rice, Secretary.

BOARD OF MINISTERIAL AID, Boston, Mass. Bequests solicited in this name. Send gifts to A. G. Stanwood, Treasurer, 704 Sears Building. Apply for aid to F. E. Emrich, 609 Congregational House.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH UNION of Boston and vicinity (Incorporated). Its object is the establishment and support of Evangelical Congregational Churches and Sunday Schools in Boston and its suburbs. Henry E. Cobb, Pres.; C. E. Kelsey, Treas.; George H. Flint, Sec., 101 Tonawanda St., Boston.

Women's Organizations

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS. Room 704 Congregational House. Miss Sarah Louise Day, Treasurer; Miss E. Harriet Stanwood, Home Secretary.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION. Room 607 Congregational House, Miss Lizzie D. White, Treasurer; Miss L. L. Sherman, Home Secretary.

THE WOMAN'S SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of Boston, Room 601 Congregational House, Boston. Miss Grace Soren, Treasurer, 19 Greenville St., Roxbury.

Church and Ministerial Record

(Continued from page 338.)

by Rev. G. S. Evans of Centerville and Rev. J. E. Spittell of Alcester. Sermons strong, practical and brotherly in spirit, and singing an attractive and decisive feature. Christians strengthened, and about 30 others started in the Christian way. Membership will be considerably increased.

CENTREVILLE, PA., Rev. C. W. Grupe. The town is united and stirred as never before, and many are deciding for Christ. All Christians work together, except the Free Methodists. These, however, do not seem to be an appreciable factor, for the other Christians are thoroughly at one and in earnest. A striking incident occurred on election day, Feb. 27, when the business of the day at the polls was interrupted while the men present engaged in prayer for the work. Evangelists Feltwell and Williamson are conducting the meetings.

Suggestive Features or Methods

GROTON, CT., Rev. F. S. Hyde. The Chapter of King Alfred is conducting a class in astronomy which proves popular. Through the kindness of a friend a large telescope is placed at disposal of the members, and the town library and grounds are open to them for observations and lectures. The society plans monthly entertainments, the last of which was an evening with Tennyson, where recitations from his poems were varied by settings of his best-known lyrics.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Central, Dr. C. L. Kloss. The regular sewing meeting falling on Valentine's Day was made a "Neighborhood Meeting." Representatives from all the Philadelphia churches were invited to an all-day Home Missionary Rally, to meet the president of the New Jersey Association of the Woman's Home Missionary Union, Mrs. J. M. Whiton of Plainfield. This organization embraces all the Congregational churches between New York and Washington. The Dorcas Society decorated and served the tables, crimson carnations, hearts and red and white candles in red heart bon-bon boxes being used, and on each snowy napkin was a small red heart. Program was followed by a thank-offering and an inspection by the visitors of the new parlors, Sunday school rooms and pastor's study.

RANDOLPH, MASS., Rev. J. L. Sewall. Admirable New Year letter sent out by church committee, urging the co-operation of members with the new pastor in all departments of church work, including special evangelistic services.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mt. Pleasant, Rev. M. R. Fishburn. Reception tendered by officers and members to the 84 persons received to membership during 1904.

Anniversaries

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Tompkins Ave.—Second of the pastorate of Dr. N. M. Waters. His fine pastoral letter, read on that occasion, was printed for distribution by vote of standing committee. \$50,000 raised the past year and 500 accessions in the two years.

Casualties

SOUTH NEWBURY, O., Rev. M. L. Dalton. House of worship destroyed by fire.

Bequests and Other Gifts

SOUTH SUBURBY, MASS., E. C. Whiting. By bequest of the late Mr. John B. Goodnow, long time member of Memorial Ch., \$2,000 has been added to its substantial endowment fund.

During the last five years Rev. Alfred DeBarritt has represented the Congregational Home Missionary Society in Cienfuegos, Cuba. He has built up a large school in the city, through which 300 pupils have already passed, a number of whom are already teaching in the public schools. Forty five of his young people have come to the United States for further education and twelve of them will return with him this month. For his school work Mr. DeBarritt depends on private contributions, and he is addressing churches for that purpose as he has opportunity. The amount needed is not large, and it would certainly be forthcoming if the conditions were understood.

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Hartford Seminary Young Alumni

BY REV. EDMUND A. BURNHAM, STAFFORD SPRINGS, CT.

From a recent annual gathering of ministers in Hartford much is expected. It was a heart-to-heart conference of some of the younger alumni of Hartford Seminary. The two days' session was held, by courtesy of the seminary, within its walls, and there, too, it was housed and fed. This was its third meeting, and the fact was evident that it had come to be a permanent factor in the lives and work of those participating, for such a companionship and exchange of thought supplies needed stimulus and inspiration for ministerial service.

The small membership is made up yearly, on recommendation of the members, from those who seem likely to be helped, helpful and in sympathy with the meetings. They come from city and country parishes in New England; from assistant pastorates, individual charges, teaching work and secretaryships.

The machinery for permanent organization and for the rare meetings together is as slight and simple as possible. It is designed only to insure careful and vital arrangement. This meeting is really not of the sort that the word conference usually suggests, but rather an intimate and friendly communing by those who were friends in old associations and know and esteem one another better every year. The sessions are as informal as can be, and the exchange of thought and prayer passes at will around the circled group much as it would in a family gathering. Together, successes are talked over; mistakes; problems; methods and apparatus in church, Sunday school and pastoral work; and burning desires towards the work. Counsel and heartening are exchanged; much time is spent in prayer.

The great aim is not argument nor criticism, except of a sympathetic and constructive sort, but how each may more effectively and extensively win those in his field to Christ; how this or that church may be roused to greater efficiency at home or abroad; how the community can best be served and each member may become a more effective Christian.

A distinctively valuable feature lies in the calling together of men of about the same age and experience, congenial in temper and purpose. This harmonious atmosphere lends inspiration.

Not more than twenty or twenty-five can thus meet to the best advantage, and greater inspiration has been found in fewer numbers. In making the program each man is asked to name his most pressing interest or his greatest hindrance. These are incorporated in the program or brought up for discussion, prayer and mutual counsel.

These conferences are designed to keep in touch with the seminary faculty and with clergymen of differing experience and maturer years. If the body were made up of older men its purpose would be met equally well by inviting to its discussions a younger man.

Thus close acquaintance is kept with strictly scholastic atmosphere and viewpoints and with an extra standpoint of active service. This touch is all the more effective, as the same sources are asked to furnish topics for the program.

Not the least effective feature of this annual conference is the fact that the conferees spend at least two days in companionship. Many make sacrifices and come long distances thus to meet, room together, walk and talk with one another in a happy renewal of the scenes and inspirations of earlier days.

Education

Prof. William C. Estey, after forty-three years of service, has resigned at Amherst.

It is welcome news that Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford University, is to give lectures on the C. F. Deem's Foundation at the University of New York this year.

Miss A. C. Emery, dean of the Woman's College at Brown University, resigns to marry, and will be succeeded by Miss L. S. King of Providence, a graduate of Vassar.

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PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, March 19-25. Glorifying God in Our Daily Work. Matt. 5: 13-16; Rom. 12: 11.

Over the desk of the city editor of one of the most successful daily newspapers in this country hangs this motto, "Do your work as well as you can and be kind." Any man who lives up to that motto has taken a long step toward glorifying God in his daily work. That would rule out all slipshod and half-hearted work, would make a boy anxious to stand high in his class and a young man starting out in business eager to climb the ladder, not through being pulled up by somebody else, but because of his own efforts. And when to the purpose to excel even in the doing of drudgery is added the kindly spirit, the worker is not far from the kingdom of heaven. For one of the fruits of the Spirit is kindness. A post office clerk at New Haven used to sit all day at the counter and hand out postage stamps to buyers with an unfeeling cheerfulness as if you were accommodating him instead of he you. Scores of Yale students today remember that man as the embodiment of Christian cheerfulness in connection with a monotonous task.

One may be thorough and kind for a time, simply by the sheer effort of the will, but how can one go along day after day doing things that afford little scope for ingenuity unless he believes that God has stationed him where he is? An artist may paint or a poet may write, sustained by the inspiration of his high calling, but the man who tends a machine all day long, the woman who plies the needle must choose whether she will be a galley slave chained to a treadmill or a servant of Christ doing the will of God from the heart. The only possible relief comes from the belief that God has put us where we are, and that it is our business right there to do our work as well as we can and be kind, until we are discharged or promoted. Going on in that spirit we shall be more ready to pay heed to Charles Kingsley's exhortation when he says: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do this day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work—forced to do your best—will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know."

We glorify God when we think of him before we begin our work, while we are doing it and after we are over. To link the infinite in this way with our little tasks not only does honor to him, but steadies and ennobles us while we are laboring. How can a man think one moment of God and the next moment deceive his customers and traduce his competitors? How can a boy who has thought of God on his way to school in the morning cheat in his examinations? And when the day's work is over, to dare to review its separate acts in the light of God's ideal for us in Christ is to be better equipped to glorify him in tomorrow's task.

Our Scripture says that the object of letting our light shine is that others, seeing our good works, may glorify not us, but our Father in heaven. Is that really the supreme reason why we want to be good students, successful business men, efficient teachers, good ministers, doctors and editors—that others may thereby see the Father through us? Or are we quite content to have them compliment us and admire our "good works" instead of being made by us to feel the nearness of God

to their own lives and their equal responsibility to make their lives tell for him?

Said a business man just back from a tour of the world to me last week, "The Americans are the greatest workers on earth; no other nation can touch them in that respect." As a people we do toil early and late and hard. But what proportion of the work of this great country is really designed to glorify God, to make his name great among the nations? What might not this country do for God if toilers in every sphere were as fervent in spirit as they are diligent in business?

POINTS TO THINK AND TALK ABOUT

How should one proportion the outgo of his strength between his daily work and what is distinctively Christian work?

How can one glorify menial work?

What relation does our topic have to industrial problems?

The large gift of Mr. Carnegie to pay for tuition fees in Scottish universities has not caused any increase in the number of students, which may indicate that the youth of Scotland put a high value on their independence.

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One Hundred-and-Third Semi-Annual Statement, January, 1905.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks and Trust Companies....	\$1,042,889.43
Real Estate.....	1,593,292.06
United States Bonds.....	1,980,000.00
State and City Bonds.....	3,156,980.00
Railroad Bonds.....	2,184,560.00
Miscellaneous Bonds.....	235,840.00
Railroad Stocks.....	7,398,750.00
Gas Stocks.....	435,600.00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	358,550.00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate uncollected and in hands of Agents.....	81,700.00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents.....	1,007,079.54
Interest accrued on Bonds and Mortgages.....	1,708.50
	\$19,417,329.53

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000.00
Reserve Premium Fund.....	7,210,566.00
Unpaid Losses.....	976,171.49
Unpaid Re-insurance, and other claims Reserve for Taxes.....	779,270.81
Net Surplus.....	7,376,321.23
	\$19,417,329.53

Surplus as regards Policy-holders \$19,376,321.23

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The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

March 12, Sunday. *In the Net.* Gen. 44: 1-17.

We must suppose that Joseph's aim was a lasting amity with his brothers; but he took the strong man's way to procure it. He stands for justice here, which must bring home sin to the conscience before forgiveness can be made complete or peace return and rule. In singling out Benjamin for punishment he drew the whole company into the net. Judah comes at once to the front as spokesman and confesses judgment for them all. *Lord, save me when I am fallen into the net of my own sins, and deliver me from their power rather than their punishment. And let me have good courage to strive toward overcoming because Christ has overcome the world and Thy Holy Spirit aids and it is Thy fatherly good pleasure to give me the kingdom.*

March 13. *The Nobility of Judah.*—Gen. 44: 18-34.

The implied appeal was to Joseph's sense of justice. He had brought Benjamin into the net by his demand for his coming. In this giving up of himself for his brother Judah is the true father of the greatest of his sons and becomes a nobler figure than Joseph. It is the paradox of the spiritual life that humility and self-surrender are on the heights. We climb toward self-giving which is the Christlike quality. Judah could not suspect the moving quality of his picture of aged Jacob's grief. There is the suggestion here of the truth to nature which is the basis of all the greatest art.

March 14. *The Reconciliation.*—Gen. 45: 1-15.

This strong family feeling has always been the strength of the Jew, as it must be of every great people. One feels the sudden straits of the brothers with a poignant sympathy in the narrative. Their relief comes from Joseph's care for their father. They had themselves destroyed all other ties and claims but the common fatherhood suffices. So God's fatherhood makes a new standing ground of loving intercourse when our sins have destroyed our claim upon him. "Not you, but God"—that does not lessen the guilt of the brothers.

March 15. *Sending for Jacob.*—Gen. 45: 16-28. Pharaoh was pleased—Joseph had won more than respect. This consent and liking were necessary to the carrying out of God's purpose. He sends them sumptuously, that they may testify to his power, quickly, that

they may come soon again, with messages of love, that Jacob may be comforted.

March 16. *Journeying into Egypt.*—Gen. 46: 1-7; 28-34.

Egypt was a refuge not a home. Even Jacob's enthusiasm for the birthright and the promises needed that reminder when he went down from starving Palestine to the plenty of Egypt. Joseph's tact and wisdom are shown in every detail. He must bring Pharaoh and his father together—then he plans to keep them apart. There are those whom we like and respect, with whom we are glad not to be compelled to live.

March 17. *Before Pharaoh.*—Gen. 47: 1-12.

The meetings are all stately and formal, as becomes a king. Goshen is the border of the delta on the Syrian side—best for shepherds. The scene is Oriental, down to Jacob's polite disparagement of his own happiness.

March 18. *Enslaving the Egyptians.* Gen. 47: 13-26.

Here shows the darker side of Joseph's power. His aim is monopoly—to put all Egypt into the king's hands. From this enslavement of the people would naturally grow that rebellion which soon gave rise to another dynasty which "knew not Joseph." Joseph's monument in Egypt was a tax.

In and Around Chicago

(The Congregationalist may be found in Chicago at the Congregational bookstore, 175 Wabash Avenue.)

A Group of Chicago Churches

Tuesday evening the twenty-second anniversary of Lake View Church, Rev. Frank Dyer, pastor, was celebrated. It has been essentially a mission church from the first, and has always been useful. Though for many years it has been self-supporting, it was aided by the City Missionary Society during the first years of its existence. Its membership is now not far from 300, with 400 in the Sunday school. Rev. F. T. Lee finds his work at Maywood interesting and promising. Steps have been taken for the enlargement of the house. Covenant Church is recovering, under the pastorate of Rev. E. E. Shoemaker, from a serious division, and promises to be stronger than ever.

Progress at Elgin

This church is grateful for its good fortune in securing Dr. C. L. Morgan of Boston as its pastor. The rolls of the church have been revised, and letters sent to absentees urging those who can to take letters to the churches near which they reside, or to report if they wish to retain membership in the church they joined. In its by-laws the church provides for the dropping of absent members after due notice, and of those who feel they are not Christians, and had united with the church under a misapprehension. By recent vote the church has given up the society as a separate organization and become incorporated.

The University of Chicago

The pall which has hung over the university for nearly a month, on account of the condition of President Harper and the death of Professor Goodspeed, has somewhat lifted through the prospect that the president, although the proposed operation was not performed, will soon return to his duties; the prospect of his life for any long time is however very uncertain. He is rapidly recovering from the slight operation performed in the hospital, and with his stenographer is doing all that his strength of body will permit. A quadrangle is to be made on the land between Ellis and Cottage Grove Avenues, after the English plan, and when dormitories which will cost anywhere from five to ten millions have been erected the English system of university life will be introduced. At present male students, save in small numbers, do

Continued on page 343.

WHAT SULPHUR DOES

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide), and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate-coated pellets, and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health: sulphur acts directly on the liver and excretory organs, and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles, and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin diseases as this remedy."

At any rate, people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers" will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

PETER MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

is scientifically prepared under the most improved method, insuring cleanliness in every detail of manufacture, and consequently is

PURE—SWEET—DIGESTIBLE.

No disagreeable taste or odor and Always Produces Satisfactory Results

SOLD ONLY IN FLAT, OVAL BOTTLES, BEARING NAME OF

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That Racking Cough

Positively Cured by Allen's Lung Balsam

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Hope, fresh air, rest and Scott's Emulsion are the greatest remedies for consumption. Scott's Emulsion will always bring comfort and relief—often cure. Scott's Emulsion does for the consumptive what medicine alone cannot do. It's the nourishment in it that takes the patient in long strides toward health.

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The great remedy for the relief of aches, pains, and the thousand and one accidents that are likely to occur is POND'S EXTRACT, first aid to the injured.

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More gardens and farms are planted to Salzer's Seeds than any other in America. Therefore, for this season, we own and operate over 5000 acres for the production of our warranted seeds. That you may try them, we make you the following remarkable offer:

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- 1000 Gloriously Beautiful Flowers.

Above seven packages contain sufficient seed to grow 10,000 plants, furnishing bushels of brilliant flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue telling all about Flowers, Roses, Small Fruits, etc., all for 16c in stamps and this notice.

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Established 1875. Thousands
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have been cured by us. Treatment can be taken at home.
Write The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. 83, Lebanon, Ohio.

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The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors, W. EDWARDS & SON, Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of E. Fougere & Co., 30 North William St., N. Y.

In and Around Chicago

[Continued from page 342.]

not live on the campus. The new dormitories will provide rooms for members of the Junior college, i. e., for those who are in the Freshman and Sophomore years of other colleges. Another book from the pen of President Harper is announced—a commentary on the prophecies of Hosea and Amos. This is his fourth book which has come from the press since their author was taken to the hospital.

Our Idea of God

This subject was considered in three short papers at the Ministers' Meeting, Feb. 27, by Dr. J. M. Campbell, Rev. W. B. Thorp and Pres. Charles A. Blanchard. Dr. Campbell, while laying emphasis on the fatherhood of God, thinks that his sovereignty is not to be forgotten, that justice and love go together. Mr. Thorp believes that a subjective experience of God, obtained through faith in Christ, furnishes a satisfactory basis for faith and work. Dr. Blanchard believes in God as an intellectual necessity, and accepts the knowledge we have of God through written as well as personal revelation. The three writers were at one in looking upon God as a Father filled with love for his children, and in accepting Jesus Christ as the source through whom the most satisfactory knowledge of God comes. Next week the work of the American Board is to be presented by the new home secretary, Dr. C. H. Patton, and Rev. J. K. Browne of Harpoot, Turkey.

Another Old Resident Dead

Mrs. Harriet A. Jones, long a member of the First Presbyterian Church, has recently died. Originally from Connecticut, she was the widow of the late Daniel Jones, prominent for interest in every good work, founder, one might almost say, of the Presbyterian Hospital, so largely did he give to it, a friend and generous giver to the Old People's Home as well as to the church and its work. She leaves \$121,000 to various objects, in many of which Congregationalists are as deeply interested as Presbyterians.

Chicago, March 4.

FRANKLIN.

A Portrait of Jesus

All pictures of our Lord are ideal. Probably no artist has satisfied himself in any painting of Christ, and none has achieved a success which places his work indisputably before all others. Each disciple has his own mental picture of his Master. Rev. C. Silvester Horne of London thus describes the vision he carries in his mind:

Conceive, then, a strong and strenuous young Jewish workman, alive to all the delights of nature, and with the crowning joy of a pure heart and a clear conscience, and an invigorating consciousness of God; conceive a massive head, and rugged face strongly marked with thought and sympathy, but with the mystic light of moral victory always there; conceive dark, keen, flashing eyes that can speak equally easily inspiration or indignation; and you have the Figure that "wanders through my dreams," the "Happy Warrior" behind Whom I hope to fight till I die.

Notice to Pile Sufferers

We Don't Ask You To Take Anyone's Word For What Pyramid Pile Cure Will Do.

You Can Have a Trial Package Free By Mail.

We receive hundreds of letters like the following: "I have been feeling so good I could hardly believe it, after suffering with piles for a year, to find that I am once more feeling like myself. I wish you could have seen me before I started using Pyramid Pile Cure and look at me now, and you would say I am not the same man. I have gained 20 pounds, and all on account of Pyramid Pile Cure." Walter Sharkley, 56 Park St., Springfield, Mass.

"I bought a fifty-cent box of Pyramid Pile Cure and used as directed with the most unexpected results, a complete cure. I have been troubled with piles for thirty years and was in much distress and passed much blood, but at present am free from any kind of piles." F. McKay, Weaver-ville, Cal.

"Pyramid Pile Cure has been worth thousands of dollars to me; it cured me after using numbers of other remedies and taking medicines from doctors. It also cured my son, although he could hardly walk, eat or sleep; he is now all right." B. Stringfellow, Postmaster, Elko, S. C.

By the use of Pyramid Pile Cure you will avoid an unnecessary, trying and expensive examination by a physician and will rid yourself of your trouble in the privacy of your own home at trifling expense.

After using the free treatment, which we mail in a perfectly plain wrapper, you can secure regular full-size packages from druggists at 50 cents each, or we will mail direct in plain package upon receipt of price. Pyramid Drug Co., 2022 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

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Remedy for all
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Infants and
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Aids Teething,
Promotes Digestion,
Prevents Convulsions.

All Babies Like It.

"For over five years I have used your 'GRIPPE WATER,' and have advised my friends to do so. I cannot speak too highly of it. I found it very beneficial to myself during nursing." Mrs. A. THOMAS.

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Little did our ancestors dream that purer materials, better mixing, sweeter baking and cleaner packing would develop within the bulk and area of a common soda cracker all the nutritive elements of a perfect world-food.

Yet so it is; and hence the last word of modern science to the people of the nations, in the matter of the soda cracker, is —**Uneeda Biscuit**.

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